TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

After lingering through so many days while a whole nation watched by his bedside, Sir John's death, having become inevitable, brought with it a certain sense of relief: insomuch as the suspense was as painful as the result was certain. The funeral ceremonies were as impressive as a grateful country could make them, and no matter what the achievements of other Canadians may be, no man will be given so great a place in our history as that occupied by the distinguished dead. While those who are now alive remain, the political acme of greatness will be Sir John A. Macdonald. Every man who comes after him will be compared with him. No matter what crisis arises, the old friends of the departed Premier will never fail to express the wish that the "Old Man" were here. His successor will, in the nature of things, have a hard task before him and the comparisons which will oe made will not lighten the labor of satisfying the multitude who remember nothing but the successes of the old chieftain, and forgetful of his embarrassments and defeats will demand more from their leaders than can be possible of fulfillment.

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More than once in these columns I have advocated the advancement of Mr. W. R. Meredith, the leader of the Ontario Opposition, to the leading position at Ottawa. He is the only Conservative who has been evolved by Ontario politics in whom the people have entire confidence. He stands almost alone amongst the politicians as being capable and lovable at the same time. The parity of his record, his attractiveness to those who come in contact with him would be of infinite value to the government at Ottawa, which has lost its great magnetic center and is threatened with developments which are not likely to leave unsmirched the reputation of some of the Cabinet Ministers. Ontario has no other man to offer, and this province will certainly demand more influence in the politics of the future than she has had in the past. The recent elections prove that Ontario cannot be ignored as she has been, without weakening the Conservative party. It may be said that Mr. Meredith has not been successful in the Local House. Every one knows the reason. His fidelity to the Canadian idea, his loyalty to Sir John made him sink his ambitions. His sacrifices should not go unrewarded. I am firmly convinced that Mr. W. R. Meredith is the only man who can hold the Conservatives of Ontario together, and that if his help is not obtained the smaller politicians of this province will not work harmoniously together and the result will be disastrous. Why, indeed, should not Mr. Meredith now be called upon? He is in the prime of life, a magnificent specimen of manhood, an eloquent speaker, skilled by long years of experience as a leader, unsmirched by the slightest stain and free from the accusation of complicity in any of the corrupt practices which may have been indulged in by the Ottawa politicians. This province believes in him and would follow him, and of no one else can this be said. Though Sir John Thompson or Sir Charles Tupper might temporarily fill the breach they will not be permanently acceptable, and the right man should be called at once to prepare himself for the task.

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The baccarat scandal, involving so many distinguished persons and displaying to the eyes of the people so many disreputable phases of aristocratic life, cannot but have an effect upon monarchical and artistocratic institutions in Great Britain. The Prince of Wales has never been considered a model man. Though his private life is no worse than that of many of his distinguished predecessors public opinion which had but little force in the days of the Georges is now a dangerous thing to offend. In olden times kings and princes set the fashion in hose and frills, and in religion as well as in follies. Nowadays people think for themselves, and having become accustomed to demanding a certain propriety of conduct from their elected representatives, are unprepared to pass over the improprieties of those who occupy royal places by right of heredity. The Irish people dethroned Parnell because of his escapades with a woman. Members of Parliament have been recently expelled for vices which some time ago would have been forgiven in kings, and it is too late in the century for royal personages in England to imagine that even small sins must be winked at when committed by those who are somehow expected to set an example for British youth to follow. Royalty having ceased to be more than ornamental, it is evident from the tone of the British press that the people feel like insisting that this phase of it, being so costly, must be clean.

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While all these things are true, England is still far from the severe code of the Puritan days. The great majority of Englishmen drink and play whist and some of them indulge in baccarat; go to horse races and bet money, and royalty is not expected to be any better than other people. The most damaging feature of the affair seems to have been that the Prince of Wales insisted upon gambling and carried the necessary outfit around with him. He appears to be something like the Kentucky colonel who thinks his baggage incomplete without a pack of cards and a pocketful of poker chips. Had it been the first indication of a pleasure-loving, luxurious and loose-moraled life this incident, while creating surprise, would not have excited consternation His Royal Highness Albert Edward Prince of Wales was born on November 9, 1841, and is consequently nearly fifty years of age—much too old to plead youth as an excuse for his follies. The task of ruling the British empire is too serious a one to permit of indulgence in practices which the best half of the British people condemn. If the Prince of Wales were king he would have but little ruling to do; his chief task is to make himself acceptable as a ruler and this cannot be accomplished except by a well ordered life. The conspicuous virtues of his mother have raised the standard of kingship, and it cannot be denied that many fear that on the accession of Albert Edward the standard may again be lowered. One thing, however, has been made plain, and that is that the Prince of Wales is a manly man. When the trouble began he stuck to his friends, and by his presence in court he proved his acceptance of the law as something greater than the privileges of royalty. England can better afford to be governed by anybody than a sneak. Our king can be anything but a coward. The democracy of England is generous, and notwithstanding their protests against the extravagances of royalty they are as willing as ever to make a hero out of their king and to follow him and to forgive him as loyally as of yore, if he be brave and kingly in his carriage and in his conduct. The English people want to get what they pay for, and when Albert Edward succeeds to the throne it is not at all unlikely that his generous hand and manly bearing shall make him as dear to the people as his mother is, for she, while possessed of all the virtues, is esteemed too frugal and secluded in her life, and of the heir apparent this certainly cannot be said.

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Brother Wilkinson of the Auditorium has paid me a visit of protest. He feels, to use his word, that I "jumped" on his missionary services in an altogether unjustifiable way. Probably he is right. Every question has two sides to it, and I was dealing with the phase which impressed me during an hour and a half when Mr. Small was endeavoring to make the atmosphere very warm for those who disagreed with him. I have no doubt at all that the services in the Auditorium, when conducted by Brother Wilkinson himself or by men who are not notoriety-hunters like Sam Small, do a great deal of good. I shall take the earliest possible opportunity of writing at length with regard to the disagreements which sometimes come about owing to a misunderstanding of what people mean and the under-rating of efforts which, while they have to be made self-supporting, are intended to do good. I can assure Mr. Wilkinson that I have always had a kindly feeling for him and his work, and in the description of the features of it which have proven disagreeable to him I was replying to a man who claims to believe and is preaching the observance of the Jewish Sabbath, no matter what name he may give it, and I was trying to indicate some of the secular and unbeautiful things which have crept into Sunday evening services, thus leaving but slight difference between these services and ordinary Sunday entertainments such as he was condemning, and incidentally only, Brother Wilkinson's enterprise had to be dealt with.

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There is a dispiriting feature of literary work in Canada which by personal interviews and correspondence I am forced to continually bring to the notice of those who hope to make a living by writing for Canadian publications. I know of no Canadian publication, other than SATURDAY NIGHT and *Grip*, which makes it the rule to pay for contributions. Of course the competition among publishers has been very keen and the prices obtained for newspapers is very small, and again the competition between newspapers and a paper like SATURDAY NIGHT, while not direct, is such that very small amounts can be paid for literary work. Somehow the competition between publishers has been in the direction of seeing who could publish the biggest paper for a cent or two cents, not who could publish the best paper. I imagine if a daily newspaper were to make the experiment of being really worthy the support of those who want not only the news but the news well presented, together with the opinions and the imaginative work of the brightest Canadians, that its publishers would find an ample field and succeed in getting such a price for their publication as would enable them to pay a reasonable price to their contributors. Under present circumstances our magazine writers devote themselves almost exclusively to American publications, and many of those who had begun to distinguish themselves in Canada have gone to London, New York and Boston, where steady employment can be found and more congenial work than writing police court reports and slangwhanging editorials. Sara Jeannette Duncan found no appreciation of her work in Canada until she had made her mark elsewhere. Mr. Ed. Sandys, whose name is familiar as a contributor to SATURDAY NIGHT, has become editor of *Outing*. W. Blackburn Harte who was a newspaper writer in Canada has gone to Boston where he is assistant editor of the *New England Magazine*. I understand that Mr. Jarvis, whose clever book recently found extensive sale in the United States, is going or has gone to New York. A long list might be made of the younger and cleverer writers who have recently left Canada in order to get magazine work. Better examples could not be given than Messrs. McKellar and McArthur, one for years assistant editor of SATURDAY NIGHT, the other a favorite contributor of this paper and *Grip*, who are now both in New York. One or two newspapers paying for articles, and necessarily paying but small prices, do not afford a market for the best endeavor of talented aspirants for fame. But the contributions which are continually being offered to me show that we have no lack of talent which needs nothing but opportunity, and that as our bright young writers leave us others develop, yet it seems a pity that we can not keep them all at home and make Toronto even more than it now is, the intellectual and newspaper center of Canada.

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By the way, among the many portraits of Sir John A. Macdonald in the market, brought into notice by the illness and death of the great statesman, is an original autographed etching done on copper, by Harold Blackburn Harte, formerly of Toronto, now one of the best six artists on copper in New York, and a brother of the journalist of the same name. This is an excellent likeness of Sir John as he looked last winter before his illness, and the delicate shading and expression which is reproduced in a copper medium, and is entirely lost in photography, makes this portrait of Canada's greatest personality very much more valuable than an ordinary photograph.

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The Presbyterian General Assembly convened at Detroit on Saturday afternoon week, disapproved by a vote of nearly four hundred majority, of the "heretical" sayings of Rev. Dr. Chas. A. Briggs, professor elect of biblical theology in Union Theological Seminary. Fifty-nine of the brethren stood up for him. It would seem like cheap applause for a sinner like myself to give thanks for the fifty-nine men who objected to this decree. One of them in impassioned words pleaded for mercy which is seldom denied by a petty jury. The sin of which the condemnation of Rev. Dr. Briggs was the climax, is of such a sort that no journal except one devoted to religious topics could give a description of without being held as an exaggerator, and its editor would be considered an evil person desiring to throw stones at the creed and the gentle Saviour who has been too often forgotten in the conflicts of men desirous to retain a theological livelihood. Probably the most honest expression of any of the excited critics of Dr. Briggs was that of a young clergyman from Philadelphia, named Allison, who cried out, "We must veto, we must, we must. The Presbyterians demand it. We would be censured if we did not." Of course Brother Allison and his ilk, like the silversmith of old, when they find their craft in danger are wild in their denunciation of those who preach a gentler doctrine than that which is esteemed necessary to stampede mankind into the fold which yields such a sufficient living to men of the Allison stamp.

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"Oh, let us not insist upon the pound of flesh!" cried Dr. Hathaway. "Let us not destroy Dr. Briggs and Union Theological Seminary. I am a loyal Princetonian. I do not plead for Dr. Briggs, but for charity. If it is possible for Dr. Briggs to destroy the Bible, then I want it destroyed. We are making history to-day. Let us not make it so that our children will have to apologize for us, as we have to excuse Calvin's burning of Servetus."

Religion is not losing its hold in the latter part of this century, but formalism and creeds are on their last legs. Those who care most to see the whole world subdued by the ineffable love of the God-man who came here to furnish us with an example, are bitterest in their dislike of that Calvinism which historically and as a portion of a creed, drives a great many loving spirits outside of the orthodox churches. Dr. Briggs has some of that valor which makes it possible for men to lead great hosts. It is entirely immaterial whether his voice be heard in orthodoxy or becomes a part of that echo of heterodoxy which is running through the world and arousing thoughtful people to take part in the decision which is shortly to be rendered, that in religion, as well as in the gentle and most successful monarchies, we must have an unwritten as well as a written constitution. The constitution of the monarchy of which this Dominion is a part, we cheerfully accept as being a union of man's requirements with God's revealed will and adapted to the wants of the nation, to thus meet the thousand and one diverse interests and necessities of the people. Amendments and more kindly interpretations are continually affording precedents for the future generations. Equally so in religion. Christ did away with the arbitrary law, brought to an end the Mosaic economy and made it possible for succeeding generations not only to love the principle laid down, but to find in it that flexibility which has proved and must always prove necessary to the nations surrounded as they are by the most conflicting circumstances and invaded by open infidelity of every sort.

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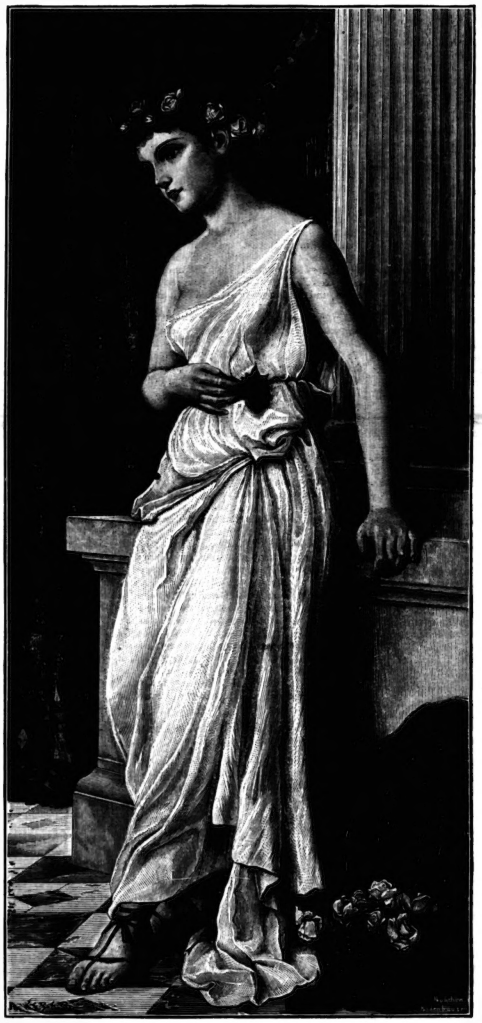
I imagine that the Presbyterian brethren who have condemned Dr. Briggs have done so with the best intentions, and that they have been guided by what they presumed to be the necessities of the case rather than by a doctrinal or Christian spirit. They presume, as no doubt the majority of mankind is led in timidity to presume, that once take down the barriers of the Confession of Faith or destroy the



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articles prepared by the Fathers, mankind will run riot in interpreting the Scriptures and in studied evasions of God's law. Presuming that ignorance is still the chief armament of clericalism this might be a reasonable ground, but if Protestantism has any meaning and the gospel any force, every man who is worthy of the Kingdom must not only believe but must have "a reason for the faith which is in him." All men do not believe, and it is one of the saddest features of the present phase of civilization that a very great many people do not care. That so many are sceptical, that so many more are unconcerned, must be chargeable either to that in doctrine which cannot be conceived or to that which makes no appeal to either the head or the heart.

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Once upon a time men who refused to be controlled either in their faith or their utterances by the decrees of a sect had reason to fear the inquisition and the stake, for in those fervid days the heretic was not permitted to live. The history of our times, the record of the churches since the fires of Smithfield died out, prove that with the dawn of the better era the "heretic" who loves God and fain would lead his brother man along paths where his feet are not bruised by doctrinal absurdities, shall not be permitted to die.

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Dr. Briggs and that charitable faction which has dared to defend him are not in any danger of annihilation, no matter what the heresy trial may bring forth. What is threatened is orthodox Presbyterianism. We need not trouble when orthodoxy of any kind becomes imperiled. The great problem of the age is the unchurched, the unaroused, the unsympathetic millions who look upon religion as one of the amusements of the rich, or as a diversion of the ignorant and fanatical poor. The numerically great class who have found no help, no sympathy in orthodoxy, no church courage which dare assist the leaders of the suffering to solve social problems, are the ones to be appealed to and it is not beyond our understanding that a reversion to simplicity and adherence to the spirit as well as the letter of Christ's law will be attractive to these. We may become enamored of creeds or tolerant of churches which encourage the abuses so galling to those who look for help and receive neither in spiritual nor industrial matters anything more comforting than a stone. Indeed, they have always been glad when the stone has not been hurled with all the power of popularity and vindictiveness of a class which has not yet accepted the doctrine of love. As the world changes, as every phase of our life becomes modified, as our tasks are readjusted by the inventions and conceptions of the age, so we become clamorous for a less rigid discipline and a more reasonable creed than the Fathers endeavored to inflict upon us. That their discipline has never succeeded, that their creed has been the parent of formalism and often the father of hypocrisy should be sufficient reason for the enunciation of something appealing to men who desire to be religious and with all their heart believe in the sovereignty of God and the benignity of Christ. That a tide which cannot be stemmed is flowing in this direction is a matter for congratulation, though the men who are creating it are being tried for heresy and crucified by the creeds.

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Speculators and those who take chances on new things are generally condemned as reckless people who retard the steady-going and permanent progress of the world. Perhaps this may be true, yet who but speculators in all the domains of thought have cared to devote any time to working out new things. The greatest of the philosophers have been speculative in their tendencies, they have outlined what might be; statisticians have proven that certain conditions existed; inventors encouraged by such data have gone on to create new things. The men who have dreamed dreams, were they either patriotic, scientific or otherwise, have sown seed; as the little sprout came through the brown earth of materialism men who hoped to reap a harvest have fenced in and cared for the land and the millions have reaped the reward. But few men have made money by the discovery of a new force. It is only after it has been developed and its application made easy that capitalists can be interested. If we could only go back to the days when steam power was in its infancy and its application uncertain, we would discover the opportunities of most inconceivably great fortunes. In more recent years some of the greatest inventors have arisen and most wonderful inventions have been made together with fortunes which cannot be estimated. The climax of steam power has possibly been reached. No longer are men employed in discovering new fields in which to operate this force. It is not so many years ago that gas was conceived to be a dangerous thing to introduce into a house, and men who are not old can remember the dark streets and the swinging lantern. Those of us who were born on a farm can recall the first days of the kerosene lamp, the disgusting odor, the blackened chimney and the expense which has been cut down, together with the inconveniences and danger, to what is possibly the lowest point. Eight or ten years ago electricity was talked of as an illuminator. The shareholders in gas companies laughed at it, it was too expensive, it was a fad, a mere notion. Now in our night walks upon streets almost as light as day we smile to think of gas lamps, and would almost as soon revert to the coal oil period or the mediæval tallow dip.

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We touch a button at the door of a friend and a maid admits us. How like the mystery of witchcraft. In our sleeping apartment, handy to the touch, is the little knob which can summon an attendant. In well regulated hotels its annex is an alarm. One touch from the clerk in the office and in every room such a noise is made that no sleeper can remain undisturbed. Nowadays we simply have to move a little pin and a boy from the telegraph office awaits our message, and in half an hour almost the uttermost part of the earth can have been reached, and an answer lies upon our desk almost before we can obtain an interview with a business man in the next block.

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Gas stoves and grates which were an imitation of coal, were a curiosity five years ago. To-day they are a necessity, and summer cookery in the better class of tenements and flats as well as in the best residences has gas as the generator of heat. Nowadays gas companies are still confident that though electrical companies may supersede them as illuminators they can hold their own and sell all their product for heaters and motors. Even this hope is slowly passing away. Electricity, as a motor, is propelling street cars all over the United States. Even here the electrical motor is rapidly replacing the steam engine. Electrical heaters no bigger than a pound of tea are being sold and are found quite sufficient to temper the atmosphere of a room. Thus when gas engines, with their evil smell and the thousand and one repairs they are constantly needing, are dying out, electrical engines are coming in. Gas stoves for the same reason are giving way, though but slowly as yet, to something that is odorless and devoid of danger.

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Electricity has but one enemy to fight, and that is expense. As an illuminator this has been overcome and it can be sold as cheaply as gas. As a motor it has been shown by statistics that street car lines operated by overhead wires are cheaper in construction and operation than either horse or cable cars. Yet electricity is but in its infancy. At the electrical exhibition at Frankfort, Germany, it is being demonstrated that electrical power can be conveyed a hundred and fifteen miles at a loss so marvellously small that it need scarce enter into the computation of the commercial utility of electrical power as created by the energy of water and conveyed by wires to centers of population. An electrician in New York has built a storage battery which, if private test be accepted, will revolutionize the railways of the world. One of the leading railroad men of the United States has stated that within the next two or three years he expects to see the inauguration of a movement which will replace every steam locomotive by an electrical motor. Storage batteries—by the way do you understand the meaning of storage batteries? I am not an electrician, but I know they are wonderful things. The storage battery is a concern into which sufficient electrical energy is pumped, so to speak, to propel a car or set of coaches for a considerable distance. In New York these batteries are used on one of the car lines. They are entirely successful as far as the propelling of the cars is concerned. Commercially they are not successful, insomuch as they are so heavy that it is almost like a locomotive passing over the line and this makes them expensive. But when storage batteries are completed, as they are certain to be, a coal mine will be a small factor as compared with a water power. Where water power is located electricity will be generated and shipped to all parts of the country just like eggs are packed or flour is barrelled, expense being the only drawback. At a meeting of the street railway men of the United States, recently held, it was the concensus of opinion that storage batteries would be a commercial success within a very short time, and then horses and steam would be applicable only to out-of-the-way places where a very one-horse business was being conducted. Just imagine the world and the conditions of travel when, instead of a dirty cinder distributing locomotive, the cars will move swiftly along, operated by a steel box of concentrated electrical energy. This is being done now in New York, but it has not been perfected. The world will be changed by this force. There is an old saying that no one can tell where lightning will strike. Lightning is electricity; no one can tell where electricity will strike. It has now achieved such a prominence that this is properly called the electrical age. Unlike gas, unlike steam, there is nothing in sight to supersede it; no competitor has developed; no force of equal value has suggested itself. Electricity seems to be the climax of this group of centuries.

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Some time ago it was announced that ten thousand visitors might be expected in Toronto during the great teachers' convention which begins on July 13th, and later information made it apparent that of these nearly eight thousand would be women. The difficulty of providing suitable accommodation for so many of the fair sex, caused the committee to appeal to the churches to help them accommodate those visitors who cannot be put in boarding houses and unreliable hotels. Lady members of the committee have already been nominated by some forty or fifty church organizations, and it is to be hoped that those of our citizens who have large and comfortable homes and who are most unlikely to respond to anything but a pressing call of duty, will yield to the solicitations likely to be made and take in the visiting school teachers. The plan most favored, is that as many members of the churches as possible permit three or four of these lady teachers to board with them during the convention, at say a dollar a day, the money to be donated to some religious end or popular charity if the entertainers feel too proud to keep it themselves. The readers of SATURDAY NIGHT have never been appealed to to take in strangers and be good to them, but in the present instance no Torontonian with any public spirit should refuse to open his or her doors to these visiting educationalists. The credentials of those who come will be examined by the reception committee and every safeguard placed around the homes of the generous hosts who thus have an opportunity of showing what genuine Canadian hospitality can do. A large number of our guests will come from the South and West, and many of us know what the old-fashioned southern and western welcome means. In the North we are supposed to be a frigid and selfish lot; we have now an opportunity of proving to those who teach the youth of the United States that there is nothing warmer than a public-spirited Canadian heart, nor happier homes than those in which we live. All the ladies' colleges and public institutions which have dormitories have so far, without exception, placed all their facilities at the command of the committee. It now rests with the private citizens to prove that this Queen City can be royal in its hospitality. Nobody is asked to do anything for nothing, but the charities that we care most for can be benefited by a few days of what may seem a disturbance of private life. Surely there shall be found in Toronto sufficient people willing to make a sacrifice which has this great and double meaning and so worthy an end in view. Mr. Hill, secretary of the committee, Public Library building, will be glad to receive the names of those willing to join in this good work.

DON.

In Memoriam—Sir John A. Macdonald.

For Saturday Night.

For nine long days our bated breath
Described the ebb and flow of his
Through all the dread uncertainties
Of mighty war 'twixt life and death.

But though the battle waxed and waned
The odds were always unto death,
We scarce had time to draw our breath
Ere all was lost that had been gained.

Until there came a day at last
When hope and fear were past debate,
And we could only stand and wait,
Expecting hourly: "He has passed."

Ah, if we could with eager hand
Have drawn him from the shadowy shore,
Back to life's heart, until once more
He sat as leader in our land!

We would not be so stunned to-day,
So lost in an Egyptian night,
Like children "crying for the light"
And knowing not our future way.

But One more highly gauged his worth
And deemed him worthy of a place
Among the crowned sons of grace,
Above the petty posts of earth.

So, fold his hands upon his breast!
What we shall do I dare not say,
But he, for many a weary day
Has earned—ay, over-earned his rest.

Life should be rated less by hours
Than actions. This should dull the blow;
He died in harness! better so
Than longer life and failing powers.

He leaves behind him now a name
That shall go down from age to age
Inscribed on history's brightest page,
Of proudest worth and purest fame.

Ah-h! sophistries are all in vain!
What platitudes can stay our tears?
Let come who may in future years,
We shall not see his like again.

ESPERANCE.

Social and Personal.

A pleasant way of spending that odd half hour at small parties, between the close of supper and the leave-taking, is in the telling of fortunes—*bien entendu*, that the magic art is only exercised for an hour's fun and amusement, and not in any wise taken seriously.

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A pack of cards and a clever girl can make a good deal of laughter and surprise if the aforesaid clever girl is well posted in her art. To begin with, she shuffles the cards mysteriously and requests the victim to make a wish, which being made belongs to the card the victim draws, looks at and replaces in the pack, telling the company and the fortune-teller what it was. After more shuffling the cards are turned face up and the fortune-teller announces what is found in them. A court card has previously been selected by the sibyl to represent the victim, and wherever that card appears, the others are, as it were, grouped about and dependent on it. A speedy marriage is announced if a jack of the same denomination and a wedding ring (the two of hearts) come very near the chosen card; ace of spades, a death; ace of clubs, a quarrel; ace of diamonds, a present, which by conjunction with the ace of spades, may be a legacy; a queen of clubs is a rival; a queen of hearts, a friend; a queen of spades, an enemy. Small spots sometimes signify days, sometimes miles, according as the fortune-teller needs them; two of diamonds means a letter containing, if beside a diamond, money; beside a spade, bad news; heart, a proposal, and so on *ad infinitum*. The sibyl's own ingenuity can from these few hints weave a grotesque, or sad, or merry fortune as suits her mood.

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Miss M. Falls of Simcoe is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. F. German of Dunn avenue.

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Miss Bessie Macdonald and Mr. J. Gordon Macdonald left Monday last for a month's trip to the Pacific Coast.

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On June 3, at Old St. Andrew's church, Dr. C. McCue of Goodells, Mich., was married to Miss Annie Lewis, daughter of Mrs. East of Gerrard street. The bridesmaid was Miss Jennie Lewis, sister of the bride, while the groom was attended by Dr. Chambers of Toronto. The Rev. Mr. Milligan performed the ceremony.

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Miss McCreath, who has been on a visit to Mrs. A. Smith of Jarvis street, has left Toronto.

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Miss Emma Rogers of Niagara-on-the-Lake, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Smith of Kensington avenue, has returned home.

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Mrs. Henry Ince and family are summering at Niagara on-the-Lake.

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Mrs. Hugh Blain and family are at Niagara.

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The friends of Mr. Baines Read, long a resident of this city but now living in Winnipeg, will be pleased to learn of his engagement to Miss Lemon of the same place.

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The following are among the latest arrivals at the Iroquois House, Belcell Mountains, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. H. Watson, Mr. Charles S. Watson, Mr. W. E. Young, Mr. H. W. Stephenson, Miss Abbott, Miss H. Abbott, Mr. J. B. Abbott, Dr. Lorne Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew A. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Clouston, Mr. and Mrs. George Hamilton, Miss Stewart, Miss Gillespie, Miss L. M. Gillespie, Miss P. Gillespie, Mr. George Gillespie, Mr. F. C. Henshaw, Miss Henshaw, Mr. J. Howard, Mr. Charles Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Macdonell, Mr. W. H. Meredith, Mrs. May, Mr. G. R. Hooper, Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Hebden, Miss Hugel, Miss Davidson, Mr. Ranall Davidson, Mr. Thomas Davidson of Montreal, Mr. Thomas Howard of Winnipeg, Miss L. Smith of Ottawa.

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Miss Florence V. Keys, B.A., an honor graduate of the University of Toronto in classics and modern languages, has been appointed to a fellowship in Greek, in Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania. Miss Keys received her B.A. degree on Tuesday last, and during her undergraduate days won a number of scholarships and prizes. The fellowship is worth $600 a year.

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The new house staff of the General Hospital are Dr. W. N. Barnhart, Dr. J. Third, Dr. G. Boyd, Dr. C. Temple, Dr. J. A. Amyot, Dr. W. D. Herriman. Dr. Barnhart took both the Starr gold medal and the faculty silver medal at the Toronto University. Dr. Third took the gold medal and a certificate of honor at Trinity University. Dr. Boyd obtained a silver medal at Toronto University. Dr. Temple obtained first class honors and a certificate of honor at Trinity University. Dr. Amyot took the Cameron prize for clinical surgery at Toronto University. Dr. Herriman obtained first-class honors at Trinity University. The new staff goes on duty next Tuesday.

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The pretty steam launch, Rosamond, has begun her afternoon sails. Those who receive invitations to spend the afternoon on the little steamer know how jolly are their companions and how delightful the sail on the bay or lake. The Rosamond has been newly painted and upholstered and looks as pretty as a pink.

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Mr. Osgoodsby of the *Queen* Magazine is getting better after a very serious illness resulting from his accident of a month ago.

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The Synod of the Diocese of Toronto is in session this week. Various types of parsons from the city broadcloth to the green-tinged coat from the back townships have pervaded our highways.

*

Mrs. J. A. Graham of Winnipeg is visiting her mother, Mrs. McDermid, at 550 Jarvis street.

*

Mr. A. F. Webster, steamship agent, has booked the following Toronto passengers to sail this week for Europe by the steamers Etruria, Bothma, Sardinian and State of Georgia: Mr. John Downey, Mr. William Myles, Mr. C. R. Hamilton, Mr. W. A. Staunton, Mr. A. Leslie, Mr. G. Leslie, Col. G. A. Pollard, Mr. W. D. Grand, Mr. D. M. Mosson, Miss Maguire, Miss Pratt, Miss Bone of St. Catharines, Miss Boyle, Mr. John B. Young, Mrs. Young and child, Mrs. E. H. London and child, Miss Freestone, Mr. J. B. McLean, jr., Mr. H. Giles, Mrs. D. J. Macdonnell, Mr. R. McDowall.

*

The following Torontonians sailed on Wednesday from Montreal by steamer Sardinian: Rev. Provost and Mrs. Boddy, Col. and Mrs. Forster, Mr. Spry, Mr. Stibbard, Mrs. Morgan, Miss Nightingale, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Mr. J. Crane, Mr. S. Crane, Miss Crane, Rev. W. G. Wallace.

*

Quite an interesting sight at the University commencement was the group of a baker's dozen of sweet girl graduates. Their appearance before the president was the signal for the commencement of those vocal efforts which are the discordant duty of the students on such occasions, and which caused a ripple of laughter to pass over the crowd of guests.

*

A farewell reception was given on Tuesday evening in the parlors of the Sherbourne street Methodist church to Dr. Stafford, who is leaving for Hamilton.

*

A pretty June wedding took place in Rosseau, Muskoka, last week. Dr. Topp and Miss Mary Beley were the couple most interested. A host of Muskoka friends and some Toronto well-wishers witnessed the ceremony and bade Dr. and Mrs. Topp *bon voyage* on their departure for New York. Among the guests were Mrs. Topp, Mr. and Mrs. Maudsley, Mr. B. Topp, L.D.S., Mr., Mrs. and Miss Prouse, Mr. Horace Prouse, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Brown, Mr. John Ditchburn, Mr. and Mrs. Ashdown, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Harvie, Mr. Henry Ditchburn, Miss Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. Shuttleworth, Miss Holton, Mr. and Mrs. Monteith, Mr. John Verner, Toronto; C. N. Laurie, M.D.; Mr. T. D. McCullough, Mr. and Mrs. Stoneman, Miss and Miss Allie Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Crossley, Mr. and Mrs. H. Coate, Mr. G. Turner, Mr. Snow, and Mr. and Mrs. William Ditchburn.

*

The owners of the Rosamond invited the members of the press on Wednesday afternoon to a sail. Commodore Walker entertained the knights of the pen with an exhibition of his Kodak views, taken during his late visit in California, and the *invites* very much enjoyed their outing.

*

On Tuesday last St. George's church was filled with a fashionable congregation to witness the marriage of Mr. Frederic Alexander Gillespie of the Dominion Bank, Toronto, to Miss Maud Gilmour, daughter of Mr. Robert Gilmour, C. E. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of white corded silk, trimmed with old lace, roses and lilies of the valley, her veil being of the regulation tulle embroidered in silk. Miss Gilmour was attended by Miss Fanny Featherstonhaugh and Miss Gamon of Collingwood, who wore white silk mull with apple-green braid trimmings and wide hats of white trimmed with white and green. Little Miss Verney Gilmour, the bride's sister, acted as maid of honor, attired in a quaint Kate Greenaway costume. Mr. Vaux Chadwick acted as best man. Mr. Clarence Bogart was also in attendance, and little Master Ashley Moorehouse was page.

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

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Mosquitaire Swede Gloves

Pearl Grey, Heliotrope, Buttercup and New Mode shades.

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JAMES BAIN & SON

Society Stationers King Street East, Toronto

Between You and Me.

I HAVE a very facetious note from a very funny young man with this query: "How goes the bicycle, Lady Gay?" and thereafter some remarks which no doubt seemed very witty to the writer, as to the "humbug" I wrote about the delights of cycling. Of course I know and you know what is the matter with that young man. He hasn't got a wheel and can't get one, and the one he borrowed he broke and had to pay smartly for having it mended before he accomplished more than a collision with a pair of horses, a big Irish policeman and that horsechestnut tree which blocks the highway at the end of Sherbourne street. Poor fellow! In answer to his kind inquiry I am glad to tell him that the bicycle goes straight ahead and turns when I want it to, and that, after riding a bicycle, I withdraw and forever repudiate all my remarks about the joys of a tandem sociable, a tricycle or any such cumbersome and poky affairs. And I shall be glad to hear from him again when he gets over the bruises and discomfort of that last tumble!

•

A funny little dispute has been whispered in some of the English papers last month about who was the loveliest woman of our century. One correspondent selected the Countess Castiglione, and that veteran journalist, George Augustus Sala, immediately objected, citing a dozen beauties, from the Empress Josephine and Queen Louise of Prussia to Mrs. Langtry and Mary Anderson as superior to the beautiful countess. This lovely lady was a blue blood who married, at sixteen, a very dandified count who actually had a coach, in which he was once travelling, make three halts between Piza and Spezia, that he might change his travel-dusty clothes. The countess has some little peculiarities herself, being fond of receiving her guests in bare feet, and sometimes, when in her first youth, going to balls in—well just more than nothing. The Queen Louise had an expression so sweet and innocent that it seems little short of desecration to set her in competition with Mrs. Langtry and several other rakish names mentioned; and Josephine, though graceful, was not ever a beauty. Mary Anderson would suit the taste which delights in repose and dignity, but lacks the flash and fire some exact, and it seems to me it would be impossible to get a unanimous vote on such a delicate question.

•

I was asked last month by several correspondents to tell them why weddings were rarely celebrated in May. I gave several reasons which occurred to me, and have come across another to-day, which I quote: "The bridal of May," says the proverb, "is the bridal of death." Antiquaries trace this superstition back to ancient Rome, where during this month the Lupercalia, or festivals in honor of the dead, were held.

•

At a recent inquest on the body of a man who had committed suicide from overwork at the railway clearing house at Euston, the jurors asked a good many awkward questions, which elicited the information that the overtime work was compulsory and was not paid for. The matter has drawn forth a good many spicy little paragraphs which might be applicable to some cases in Toronto. It is neither fair, nor right, nor decent, to deprive men of their evenings and huddle them into a closed up office after a long day's confinement; and though "going back to work" may sometimes mean carelessness, or an excuse for getting down town, still when it is honestly given the institution which is honest will be ready to meet the over-work with over pay—*perhaps!*

•

A queer revenge, the idea of which may make uncomfortable some of our expectant bridegrooms, was taken by three jilted sweethearts of a Parisian flirt who was married one day lately. The ladies went to church armed with bottles of oil which they poured over the groom, and after spoiling his clothes, making him say naughty words and breaking up the peace of the party generally, they were marched to the lockup by a scandalized gendarme. What their notion was in wasting three pints of good olive oil on their base deceiver my informant saith not.

•

Have you happened to read any accounts of the Queen's Drawing Rooms this season? One can scarcely believe the stories told in serious earnest by those who know, of hand to hand fights, broken fans, dishevelled gowns, squashed bouquets, flashing eyes and wicked speeches. And all for what? To step blindly along a carpet, to bend double over Victoria's fat and pretty hand, to efface oneself as speedily as possible, rattled, breathless and enraged. But in all one's long life after, one would forget the struggle and the rending asunder and the fear and the mental paralysis, and in the incomprehensible way of woman take solid delight in what can only be described as a sort of temporary lunacy.

•

I see in a late number of the *Illustrated American* two little sketches of two men's heads—side by side, and over them is the short remark: "Look on this picture and on that." The first face is that of the athletic parson, Wm. S. Rainsford, the memory of whose methods will be green for many a decade in hearts that love him in our city. The other picture is a profile of Father Ignatius, shaven crown and downcast eyes and pointed nose and drawn-in under-lip. The free-spoken American paper lays it on rather heavily to the priest, who spends his time in beautifying Llanthony Abbey and washing the visitors' feet, and has lately come to stir up trouble and drag back into mediæval paths such independent and wide-stepping preachers as the Reverend William and his kind. One cannot bind the energies of men like Rainsford or Heber Newton into the narrow swaddling clothes which leave room enough for Father Ignatius. But while in this land of liberty we rejoice in our freedom, there loom over us two great terrors the dread of which is at the bottom of Father Ignatius' troublous interference, which are very evident in the tone of the newspaper article referred to, and which will grow and overcome us if we are not watchful. They are born of the same mother, their names are presumption and irreverence, and the name of their mother is self-will.

•

An interesting little touch was added to the picture of Sims Reeves' farewell appearance in London last month by the attendance and singing of Christine Nilsson. This far famed songstress has recovered her voice but has grown enormously fat. An English paper says she is the shape of an equilateral triangle. I see also in that English paper that Mlle. de Vere, who sang here lately, is paid the highest salary known for singing in a choir, the clear-voiced lady receiving one hundred dollars a Sunday from her New York impresario.

LADY GAY.

Too True!

The Colonel (to young Mr. Brummel, who complains of ennui)—Well, why don't you try getting married?

Young Mr. Brummel—Aw—but then, my dear colonel, marriage is so beastly common.—*Life.*

He Felt Relieved.

Professor Delver, who has just proposed to the mature spinster, is informed that as it is a very serious matter, she must have time for consideration, but if accepted she will place a book in her window on the following morning. The next morning the professor sallies forth with a beating heart, but—

As he approaches the house—his anxiety vanishes.—*Life.*

The Ruling Passion.

Traveler—I tell you, sir, the most admirable housekeeper that ever lived was my mother-in-law.

"And she is no longer living!"

"Alas, no! Eaten by the cannibals in Africa."

"You don't mean it!"

"It was even so. When the cannibals had thrust her into the caldron and she was beginning to cook she cried out faintly with her last words, 'Don't forget the salt and pepper!'"—*Fliegende Blatter.*

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Of every popular variety. Other seasonable flowers also always on hand. We can ship cut flowers to any part of Ontario and Quebec with perfect safety, as we have letters from our numerous patrons in various parts congratulating us for prompt delivery and excellent condition of the flowers upon arrival.

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NEAR GODERICH, ONT
Will be open for business on June 20. Its special features are pure air, genuine country life and perfect safety for children. The beach is exceptionally fine, and the bathing both healthful and free from danger. A beautiful mineral spring, whose waters contain medicinal properties, is an additional advantage. For particulars and terms address the proprietor, J. J. WRIGHT, Goderich, Ont.

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

LET us give you a taste of how prices run among the corsets of this store. We take a leading line like the "C. P," a fine French corset known to all women shoppers. You've been accustomed to paying from $1.90 to $2.25 for this corset. This store sells the genuine "C. P." corset, all sizes, for $1.25. Talk about prices. Our figures do the talking. All the other makes of corsets are kept by us—the "P.N.," "C.B.," "R.G.," "I.C.," "E.T.C.," Edna, Lily, Pearl, and many others, getting as low down in price as 25c.

A Fine French Woven Corset, 85c.
Summer Corsets that you need.

At these counters are found the best of ladies' underwear, and all that pertains thereto. The Vassar shirts are going to have a good run. Really they're nasty goods. Some with stand-up collar, others rollar collar. See them. Night dresses with superb trimmings, when you desire it, or something less fancy. Have no fears of quality of material in any of this store's underwear.

Night Dresses, 50c.	Night Dresses, $1.50 to $2 50
Night Dresses, 60c.	Chemises, 35c. to $2 25
Night Dresses, 75c.	Corset Covers, two for 25c.

In underwear this store has no rival.

R. SIMPSON

S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. | Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.

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Artistic Dressmaking
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Miss Sullivan has just returned from New York with the latest designs and styles.

AMERICAN BOOTS & SHOES
Fine PICADILLY Oxford Ties. The newest styles.
Solid comfort shoes for tender feet.
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Reduced rates on general work for sixty days.

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are praised by all who have used them. We keep in stock
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Very careful attention given to all special orders, and you may be sure of getting just the particular style and effect that you order by leaving your orders with us.
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and all points east. Tickets at all G. T. R. and Empress Ticket Offices. Very low rates to Excursion parties.

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You want a good rubber hose that will last as long or longer than any you know of, and do even work all the time. Too many "play out" after a little use, and you've nothing to do but buy another. There's a remarkable chance here now to get the proper sort.

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You need to take a stout Mackintosh Coat along with you as a safeguard against rainy days. We make them to order from the very best material and in any wanted style, guaranteeing a perfect fit.

GOODYEAR RUBBER STORE
12 King Street West

PATRONS OF
Armand's Hair Store
407 Yonge St. 407

Are respectfully informed that said establishment will be transferred on or about 1st July next to
441 Yonge Street
S. E. cor. Carlton Street
The new store will be handsomely fitted up in French style, with all the latest improvements and accommodations. Six separate and private Ladies' Hair-dressing Rooms, with a handsome parlor.
Largest and best assorted stock of Hair Goods. Only first-class goods, ready made or made to order. Largest and handsomest Hair Goods, Hair-dressing and Perfumery Establishment in Canada.
PERFUMERY DEPARTMENT
Specialty in Articles de Toilettes for Ladies and Gentlemen. Gelle, Freres, of Paris, France, Perfumery Depot for Toronto.
By special request of a great number of gentlemen a handsome Gentlemen's Hair-dressing and Shaving Parlor, called "Carlton Toilette Club," will be opened in rear of building, No. 1 Carlton Street. Gentlemen desiring to patronize the above club are requested to get their numbers for the toilet case, in which their proper articles in connection will be kept. Limited number only.
Ladies' entrance, Yonge Street. Gentlemen's entrance, Carlton Street. Opening first week in July next.
TELEPHONE 2468
Business will be carried on as usual at the old stand, 407 Yonge Street, 407, until new store is ready.
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Gold Seal Densoline for Rough Skin
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Office and Recitation Rooms in the CANADA LIFE BUILDING.

NOT A COTTAGE TO RENT
AT LORNE PARK
The last one was secured about a week ago, and there are already several disappointed applicants. Better do the next best thing and engage rooms without delay at Hotel Louise. Only 40 rooms in all—$9 or $10 for one person and $15 or $16 for two per week. Reduced rates for June. Splendid electric-lighted steamship "CARMONA" and good train service. Every facility for rest and enjoyment without interfering with business. Address:
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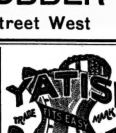

Some corsets are never easy, there is always a stiffness about them and the period of breaking them in has no end. What a relief it is then, that there is at least one corset that is absolutely faultless, that fits perfectly, that needs only a trial to convince the most skeptical of its wonderful merit. Why not try it? It is surely worth while, for the money is returned if you are not satisfied, hence you run no risk.

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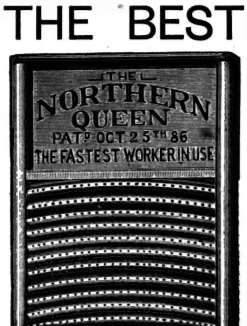
THE BEST



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The World, The Flesh and The Devil

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Day Will Come," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," etc.

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CHAPTER XXX.

"THE LOVE THAT CAUGHT STRANGE LIGHT FROM DEATH'S OWN EYES."

Gerard Hillersdon had no mind to occupy the cottage in which he had dreamed his first love-dream, but he went to Lowcombe daily, and sat in the rector's study and heard the doctor's opinion and the report of the nurses, and once on each day was admitted for a short time to the pretty sitting-room where Hester flitted from object to object with a feverish restlessness, or else sat statue-like by the open window gazing dreamily at churchyard or river.

The doctor and the nurses told him that there was a gradual improvement. The patient's nights were less wakeful, and she was able to take a little more nourishment. Altogether the case seemed hopeful, and even the violence of the earlier stages was said to predicate a rapid recovery.

"If she were always as you see her just now," said Mr. Mivor, glancing towards the rigid form and marble face by the window, "I should consider her case almost hopeless, so that hyper-activity of brain which scares you gives me encouragement."

The rector was kind and sympathetic, but Gerard observed that Miss Gilstone avoided him. He was never shown into the drawing-room, but always into the rector's study, where he felt himself in some wise shut out from social intercourse, as if he had been a leper. On his third visit he told the rector that he was anxious to make reparation for the goodness to Hester; but the rector shook his head dubiously.

"Better not think about it yet awhile," he said. "My sister is full of prejudices. She doesn't want to be thanked. She is very fond of this poor girl, and she thinks you have wrongly wronged her."

"People seem to have made up their minds about that," said Gerard. "I am not to have the benefit of the doubt."

"People have made up their minds that when a lovely and innocent girl makes the sacrifice that this poor girl made for you, a man's conscience should constrain him to repair the wrong he has done—even though social circumstances make reparation a hard thing to do. But in this case difference of caste could have made no barrier. Your victim is a lady, and no man need desire more than that."

"There was a barrier," said Gerard sullenly, "I was bound by a promise to a woman who had been constant to me for years."

"But who had not sacrificed herself for you—as this poor girl has done. And it was because she was a clever, hard-headed woman of the world, perhaps, and had kept her name unstained, that you wanted to keep your promise to her, rather than that other promise—at least implied—which you gave to the girl who loved you."

Gerard was silent. What had he not promised in those impassioned hours when love was supreme? What pledges, what vows had he not given his fond victim, in that conflict between love and honor! She had been too generous ever to remind him of those passionate vows. He had chosen to cheat her and she had submitted to be cheated, resigned even to his abandonment of her if his happiness were to be found elsewhere.

The London season had begun, and there were plenty of peole in town who knew Gerard Clandonald, who would have been more delighted to welcome him back to society after his prolonged disappearance from a world which he—or any other Mayfair—dines and dinners—had adorned. But Gerard was careful to let no one know of his return to London. The carriage gates of Hillersdon House were as closely shut as when the master of the house was in Italy, and Mr. Hillersdon's only visitor entered by a narrow garden door which opened into a shabby old world street at the back of the premises. This visitor was Justin Jermyn, the confidant and companion whose society was in some wise a relaxation to Gerard since low health and shattered nerves had made solitude impossible. They dined together every night, talked, smoked, and idled in a dreamy silence, and played piquet for an hour or two after midnight. The money he won at cards was the only money that Jermyn had ever taken from his millionaire friend, but as he was an exceptionally fine player, Gerard a careless one, and as the stakes were high, his winnings made a respectable revenue.

Gerard found Jermyn waiting for him when he returned, saddened and disheartened, after his third visit to Lowcombe. Jermyn was sprawling on a sofa in the winter garden, with his head deep in a leviathan down pillow and his legs in the air.

"There is a letter for you," he said, between two lazy puffs at a large cigar, "a letter from Florence—after Ovid, no doubt. Dido to Aeneas!"

"Why didn't you open it, if you were curious?" sneered Gerard. "It would be no worse form than to peep and pry into the address and postmark."

"There was no necessity; you are sure to tell me all about it."

The letter was from Mrs. Champion, and a thick letter, that lady scorning such small economy as the lessening of postage by the use of foreign paper.

"My dear Gerard,—I think my letter of last night may have prepared you in some degree for the letter I find myself constrained to write to day. I might have hesitated longer, perhaps, had you been still at my side, might have trifled with your fate and with mine, might have allowed myself to drift into a marriage which I am now assured could result in happiness neither for you nor me. The days are past in which you and I were all in all to each other. We are good friends still, shall be good friends, I hope, as long as we live; but why should friends marry, when they are happy in unfettered friendship?

"Your hurried departure makes my task easier, and should make the continuance of our friendship easier. When we meet again let us meet as friends, and forget that we have ever been more than friends. I had a terrible hour by hour, since you came to Florence it has been made clearer to my mind that we have both changed since last year. We are not to blame, Gerard, neither you nor I. The glamor has gone out of our lives somehow—we are 'the same and not the same.' I have seen doubtless and despondent hope in you where all was once warmth and hope, and I confess that a coldness in my own heart responds to the chill that has come over yours. If we were to marry we should be miserable, and should perhaps come to hate each other before very long. If we are frank and straightforward, and true to each other at this crisis of our lives we need never be lessened in each other's esteem.

"I know that I have read your heart as truly as I have read my own; I do not therefore, appeal to you for pardon. My release will be your release. Be as frank with me, my dear Gerard, as I have been with you, and send me a few friendly lines to assure me of kindly feeling towards your ever faithful friend.

"HONORIA CHAMPION."

A deathlike chill crept through Gerard's veins as he read this letter to the end. The release as a release was welcome, but the underlying meaning of the letter, the feeling which had prompted it, cut him to the quick.

"She saw death in my face that first day at Florence," he told himself. "I could not mistake her look of horrified surprise, of repulsion almost, when first I stood unexpectedly before her. She was able to hide her feelings afterwards, but in that moment love perished. She saw a change in me that changed her at once and for ever. I was not the Gerard Hillersdon of whom she had thought, and for whom she had waited. The man who stood before her was a stranger marked for death; a doomed wretch clinging to the hem of her garments to keep him from the grave—an embodied misery. Can I wonder that her heart changed to the man whom Death had changed?"

He read the letter a second time, slowly and thoughtfully. Yes, he could read between the lines. He had gone to his old love as to a haven from death—a flight to sunnier skies, as the swallows fly to Africa. He had thought that somehow in that association with vigorous vivid life, he would escape out of the jaws of death, renew his half-forgotten boyish love, and with that renewal of youthful emotions renew youth itself. He had cheated himself with some such hope as this when he turned his face towards Florence; but the wound he had loved, that bright embodiment of life and happiness, would have none of him.

Well, it was better so. He was free to pick up the broken thread of that nearer, dearer, far more enthralling love—if he could. If he could. Can broken threads be united? He thought of his child—his murdered child—murdered by his abandonment of the mother. No act of his—no tardy reparation—could bring back that lost life. Even if fate were kind and Hester's health and reason were restored, that loss was a loss forever, and would overshadow the mother's life to the end.

He knew that he was dying, that for Hester and him there could be no second summer time of happy unreasoning love. The meadow flowers would blossom again; the river would go rippling past town and meadow in the warm September sun; but his feet would not tread the ripe grasses, his voice would not break the quiet of that lonely backwater where Hester and he had dreamt their dream of a world in which there was neither past nor future, neither fear nor care, only ineffable love.

Jermyn watched him keenly as he walked up and down the open space between a bank of vivid tulips and a cluster of tall plants.

"Your letter seems to have troubled you," he said, at last. "Does she scold you for having run away just before your wedding? To-day was to have been the day, by the by."

"No, she is very kind—and very patient. She will wait till it suits me to go back."

"That will be next week, I suppose. You have done all you can do at Lowcombe. The Jersey Lily will suit you better than this house—delightful as it is, and Sperlin or Naples will be a safer climate than London in April or May."

"I am in no hurry to go back—and I doubt if climate can make any difference to me."

"There you are wrong. The air a man breathes is of paramount importance."

"I will hear what doctor says upon that point. In the meantime I can vegetate here."

He dined with Justin Jermyn. No one else knew that he was in London. He had not announced his return even to his sister, shrinking with a sense of pain from meeting with the happy young matron, who would be full of the earnest realities of life, and who on their last meeting had asked such searching questions about her lost friend Hester, whether there was anything that she or her husband could do to find out the secret of her disappearance. She had reminded her brother that Jack Clandonald was the servant of Him who came to seek and to save those that were lost, and that even if Hester's footsteps had wandered from the right way it was no much the more his duty to find her. Gerard had answered those eager questionings as best he might, or had left them unanswered, except by vague expressions of sympathy; but he felt that in the present state of things he could scarcely endure to hear Hester's name spoken, and that his mind must drop if he were called upon to talk about his victim.

Hester's attempted suicide and the drowning of her child had not been forgotten by scandal and bandied about in the newspapers. The fact was too unimportant to attract the attention of a metropolitan reporter, and Miss Gilstone's wishes had been law to the editors of the two Berkshire papers which usually concerned themselves with the affairs of Lowcombe and other villages within twenty miles of Reading. Gerard's domestic tragedy had therefore been unrecorded by the public press, even under his assumed name.

The two young men went upstairs after dinner to smoke and lounge in the room where Gerard had copied from those unforgotten chambers in the old inn. Here they usually sat of an evening, when they were alone; and it was here that most of those games of piquet had been played, the result of which had been to supply Justin Jermyn with a comfortable income without impoverishing the less successful player. But to-night Gerard was in no mood for piquet. His nerves were strained, and his brain fevered. The game had been generally a tranquillizing influence to-night only worried him. He threw his cards upon the table in a sudden fretfulness.

"It's no use," he said. "I hardly know what I am doing. I'll play no more to-night.

He rose impatiently and began to walk about the room, then stopped abruptly before a Japanese curtain which hung against the panelling, under a Turkish yataghan, and plucked it aside.

"Do you know what that is?" he asked, pointing to the sheet of drawing paper scrawled with pen and ink lines.

"It looks as if it were meant for an outline map. Your idea of Italy, perhaps, or Africa—drawn from memory and not particularly like."

"It is my *peau de chagrin*—the talisman that shows the shrinking of vital force—that force meaning life itself, and thus marks the swift waste of life and passage to the grave. You are the owner of it, Jermyn, fair and free is it not? Scarcely drawn by the hand of a Hercules, yet with no mark of actual feebleness. You see the inner lines, each following each, weaker and more irregular, the last tremulous as a signature made on a death bed."

He snatched a pen from the table near him and dipped it in the ink, then made a dash at the chart and tried to follow the outer line with a bolder sweep, but even when he tried to bear the strain of the upward position and the pen ran down the paper with a single swift descending stroke, till it touched the outermost edge, then glanced off and dropped from the loosening hand.

"Do you see that," he cried, with a burst of hysterical laughter, "the line goes down—straight as a falling star—down, down, as the life goes down to the grave!"

"Come, come, dear fellow, this is all womanish nonsense," said Jermyn, with his smooth, somnolent voice, in whose sound there was a sense of comfort, as of a soft breeze in summer rain. "You are tired. Lie down on this delightful sofa, and let me talk you to sleep."

He laid his hand on Gerard's shoulder with a friendly movement, and drew or led him to the capacious old Italian sofa, with its covering made of priceless vestments, still rich in delicate coloring, despite the sunlight and dust of centuries. Brain weary, and weak in body, Gerard sank on that luxurious couch, as Endymion on a bed of flowers, and the soft, slow music of Jermyn's voice—talking of the yacht, and the harbors where they were to anchor, along the shores of the Mediterranean—was potent as mandragora or moly. He sank into a delicious sleep—the first restful slumber he had known since he had left Florence.

It was ten o'clock when he fell asleep, and it was past eleven when he woke suddenly, his mind filled with one absorbing thought.

"My will!" he said; "I have made no will. If I were to die suddenly—and with a weak heart who can tell when death may come—I should die intestate. That would be horrible. I have settled something—but not much: not enough," this to himself rather than to Jermyn who sat quietly beside the sofa watching him. "I must make a will."

No such thought had been in his mind before he fell asleep; no idea of any such necessity. If he had thought—as a millionaire must think—of the disposal of his money, he had told himself that were he to die intestate his father would inherit everything, and that having provided for Hester's future by a deed of trust, it mattered little whether he made a will or not. A few casual friends would be cheated of expected legacies—but that mattered little. He had no friend—not even this umbra of his, Justin Jermyn—whose disappointment mattered to him. But tonight his whole mind was absorbed in the necessity of disposing of his fortune. He was fevered with impatience to get the thing done.

"Give me a sheet of that large paper," he said, pointing to his writing table. "I will make my will at once. You and a servant can witness it. A holograph will is as good as any, and there is no one who could attack my will."

"I hope you won't ask me to witness the document," said Jermyn, laying a quite clean Bath Post before Gerard, with inkstand and blotter. "for that would mean that you arenot going to leave me so much as a curio or a morning ring."

"True—I must leave you something. I'll leave you your own likeness—the faun yonder," said Gerard, looking up at the lithe body, the laughing lips in marble seeming to repeat Jermyn's broad smile.

"You must leave me something better than that. I am as poor as Job, and if I outlive you where will be my winnings at piquet? Leave me the scrapings of your money bags, the residuary legatee, after you have disposed of your fortune. The phrase will mean very little, though it sounds big—but there must be some scrapings."

Gerard opened a gold and enamelled casket, a master work of the cinque-cento goldsmiths, and took out a long slip of paper, the schedule of his possessions, a catalogue of stocks and shares, in his own neat penmanship. He could see as he glance along this row of figures that he was wealthy lay, and with this slip of paper spread on the table before him he began to write.

To my father, the Reverend Edward Hillersdon, rector of Helmsleigh, in consols, so much, in South-Western ordinary stock—in Great Western—Great Eastern—Great Northern, so much, and so much, and so much, till he had disposed of the first million, Justin Jermyn standing by his side and looking down at him with his hand on his shoulder.

He wrote no longer in the neat literary hand which had once penned a popular love-story, and almost made its owner a name in literature. To-night, in his fever and hurry of brain his writing sprawled large over the page—the first page was covered with the mere preliminary statement of sound mind, etc., etc., and his father's name. Then came the list of securities, covering three other pages—then to my sister Lilian, wife of John Clumbertson, vicar of St. Lawrence, Soho, and then another list of securities—then to my mother, all my personal effects, plate, in my house at Knightsbridge, with the exception of the marble faun in my study—then to my beloved friend, Hester Davenport, fifty thousand pounds in consols, and my house and grounds at Lowcombe, with all contents thereof—and, finally, to Justin Jermyn, whom I appoint residuary legatee, the marble faun. One letter another as the pages were finished in the large hurried penmanship, Justin Jermyn picked them up and dried them as they were. One or two nights were chilly though May had begun, and Gerard's sofa had been drawn near the hearth.

It was on the stroke of midnight when the will was ready for signature.

"Kindly ring, Jermyn. My valet will be up, of course, and most of the other servants, perhaps, for this is a dissipated house. I hear them creeping up to bed at midnight very often when I am sitting quietly here. The servants' staircase is at this end of the house."

"Talking of staircases, you haven't left Larose so much as a curio," said Jermyn, as he pressed a bronze knob hidden in the mantelpiece.

"Why should I leave him anything? He has made plenty of money out of this house. Do you think I want to give him a pleasant half-hour when I am in my grave?"

"I thought you liked him."

"I like no one, in the face of death," answered Gerard, fiercely. "Do you think I can love the men whose lives are long—who are to go on living and enjoying for the greater part of a century, perhaps, to come—reading lovingly in the *Times* obituary, after drinking the wine of life for ninety years, 'We regret to announce the death of Ambrosio So-and-so, in his eighty-ninth year.' Regrets for a man of eighty-nine! And you think that I, who am doomed to die before I am thirty, can feel very kindly towards the long lived of my species? Why should one man have so much and I so little?"

"Why should one man be an agricultural laborer with fifteen shillings a week for his highest wage, while you have two millions!"

"Money! Money is nothing! Life is the only thing that is precious. Death is the only thing that is horrible."

"True; and I doubt if the man of ninety is any more in love with death than you are at nine-and-twenty."

"Oh, but he is worn out; he must know that his time is come, and that he must perishes of fair wear and tear. It doesn't go to pieces suddenly because of a flaw in the metal. I grant that it is a hideous thought that life should end—ever; that this ego, so strong, so distinct, so vivid and all-absorbing, should go out with a snap into unknown darkness, to die forever. Look at those white hairs and gray hairs, to die while life is still fresh and beautiful—that is hard. I almost hate my two father when I think by how many decades of years he may survive me, and revel in this wealth that was mine. They will make him a baronet, perhaps. Why not? He is rich, and must always be a power in the church. My father would make an admirable bishop. He will live as long as Martin Routh, I daresay—live into the next century, opulent, prosperity, benevolent, happy—while I am nothing! Oh, think how hard these differences are! Think of Shelley's heart turned to ashes beneath the stone in the Roman graveyard, and Shelley's friend living for sixty years after him, to lie down under a bold and full of vigorous life that went out in water and flame, like the spirit he was."

Jermyn laid his hand upon him soothingly, yet with something of imperiousness. "Be calm," he said; "you have to sign these sheets."

The door opened, and the valet whose duty it was to answer his master's bell in the late evening came quietly into the room.

"Are there any of the servants still up?" asked Jermyn.

"Burton has not gone to bed yet, sir."

"Then ask Burton to come here with you to witness some papers. Be sober enough to remember what he does, I suppose?"

"Sober, sir? Yes, sir; I never saw Burton otherwise," replied the valet, with dignity.

"Be quick, then. Your master is waiting."

His master waited very patiently, with fixed and dreamy eyes, his hands lying loose upon the first sheet of the will, as Jermyn had placed it before him. Jermyn stood at his elbow, holding the other leaves of the will in his left hand, while his right rested lightly upon Gerard's shoulder.

The valet returned, accompanied by the butler, who bore an aspect of extreme solemnity, and was careful to abstain from speech.

He stood at attention, breathing brandy, but the penmanship with which he witnessed his master's signature, although laborious, was not altogether illegible.

The valet signed with a steady hand and a bold front. He, too, had been drinking heavily, but he had a more delicate taste in liquors than his raw-nosed fellow.

"You may as well understand the nature of this document," said Jermyn to the witnesses, "but it is not legally necessary that you should do so. It is my master's will. The only will you have made, I think, Hillersdon," he added, with his hand still lying upon Gerard's shoulder, a large hand, with abnormal length of finger, and deadly white.

"It is the only will I have made," Gerard said.

"Or intend to make."

"Or intend to make," replied Gerard.

"You can go," said Jermyn to the men. "I am to sleep here to-night, by the way."

"Yes, sir. Your room is ready. I have put out your things."

Jermyn had been staying in the house since his return from Italy, but in a casual way, and he had daily talked of going to his own chambers. He had rooms somewhere in the region of Piccadilly, but rarely imparted the secret of his address, and had never been known to entertain any body except at a club. Gerard's single experience of his hospitality had been that after-midnight supper in the chambers eastward of Lincoln's Inn.

"You are very tired, my dear fellow," said Jermyn, when the servants were gone. "You had better lie down again."

Gerard rose out of his chair, leaving the loose sheets of Bath Post lying on the table, without so much as a look at them, and Jermyn slipped an arm through his and led him back to the sofa, where he sank down with closing eyelids and was deep asleep a few moments later.

Jermyn took up the loose pages, folded them carefully, and put them in an inner pocket of his dinner jacket and went out of the room. The valet was waiting on the landing.

"Your master has fallen asleep on the sofa," said Jermyn. "He seems very much exhausted, and I think you had better let him stay there all night rather than disturb him. You can spare a rug over him and leave him there till the morning. He is not ill, only tired. I'll look in upon him now and then in the night. I'm a very fond nurse."

The valet paused, anxious to get to bed, yet doubtful.

"Do you really think he will require nothing, sir?"

"Nothing but sleep. He is thoroughly worn out. A long night's rest will do wonders for him."

The valet submitted to a friendly authority. Mr. Jermyn wore his hair very short, had a scientific air and was dabbled half a doctor. The valet went to look at his master and covered him carefully with a soft Indian rug, fastened that deep and peaceful slumber with not a slumber to be rudely broken. It was a sleep that might mean healing.

The valet was yawning and groaning before Gerard awoke. Mr. Jermyn had gone into the study several times during the night, but at ten he left the house, and he was only at the outer door closed upon him that Gerard began to stir in his sleep, and presently opened his eyes and got up, wondering to see the morning haze, for the blinds were drawn in Venetian shutters, and making golden bars upon the sombre carpet.

He looked at the clock. Ten, and broad daylight. He had slept nine hours, yet with no more consciousness of more than the light and brief slumber of a man who threws himself upon his sofa for a casual nap. No sleep without dreams—a mere gap in life—that blank and idealess slumber which Socrates declared to be the equivalent of permanent earthly bliss.

"I never slept so many hours on end in my life," he said to himself, almost appalled at his abnormal sleep.

He looked about the room, slowly recalling the events of yesterday. His journey to Lowcombe, his return to town, the letter from Edith Champion.

He felt in his pocket for the letter. Yes, it was there. He read it a third time hurriedly. He wanted to be sure that he was a free man.

"Free as air," he told himself, "whistled down the wind to prey at fortune. Free to choose the woman I love—free to set right her wrongs."

To right her wrongs. Could he bring his drowned child back to life—could he heal the mother's shattered health? Such wrongs could never be righted. The scar they leave is deadly.

He thought over the words of Edith's letter, so cold in their hard, common sense; and then he recalled his own image as he had seen it in the glass that first afternoon in the Florentine villa. Time lost of his, with death written upon it, was enough to scare away love. He was contemptuous and angry as he thought of the summer time love; so exacting, so jealous, so insistent, while the sun of life and youth rode high in the cloudless heaven; so quick to flame and fall when the shadows fell.

Of the will made at midnight he had not a moment's thought. Upon that point memory was a blank. Not did he make any inquiry about Jermyn. He dressed, breakfasted, and was on his way to Lowcombe before noon.

There was no change in the patient, but the doctor was not unhopeful. "Time must meet needs be slow, and it was well if there were no retrograde steps.

"Time is now the only healer we can look to," said Mr. Mivor.

(To be Continued.)

A Valuable Friend.

First New York Journalist—Do you know Scribble is dead?

Second New York Journalist—Dead, is he? Well, I'm sorry to hear that.

"Were you friends?"

"I should say so. Whenever he wanted money he would come to me and we would run down some sucker and tap him for all he was worth; the same when I wanted money."

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Blind.

All Paris was oppressed by that overpowering heat which often precedes a July storm. Low rumblings of thunder, like the distant roaring of a lion in the desert, kept coming nearer until the storm closeted, broke with the sharp, crashing noise of splitting planks.

The next minute large rain-drops began to pelt the faces of the passers, and to speckle with gray drops the dusty granite of the side-walks.

A pretty brunette about twenty years old, overtaken by the unexpected shower, hastened to seek refuge in a hospitable doorway.

Her clothing was not such as could be very seriously injured by this inclement weather; indeed her attire was extremely simple and indicative of the strictest possible economy. A plain dress of black merino, well fitted and tastefully made, and a straw hat trimmed with poppies, showed her to be one of those little sewing girls whose honest poverty obliges them to make their own clothes. Martha Dufloz, such was the young girl's name, was a pink of neatness, from her bare white hands to her carefully polished low shoes.

It was only ten o'clock at night, and the street was almost deserted. A young man came hurrying along, and although he had an umbrella, he ran for shelter from the rain to the doorway where Martha stood. He was so absorbed in watching the progress of the thunder-storm that he had hardly noticed the girl when a dazzling flash of lightning, followed immediately by a terrific peal of thunder, illuminated the street, and at the same instant a shrill cry rang through the air.

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed the young girl, "I cannot see—it is all dark—the lightning has burnt my eyes—I am blind!"

Instances of this kind, though comparatively rare, are by no means unknown, in the history of medicine; sudden blindness caused by a stroke of lightning is sometimes curable, but when it results from paralysis of the optic nerve there is but little chance of recovery.

A flood of tears followed the sighs and moans of the terrified girl as she reflected that she would no longer earn her living. She could not even find her way home without help—what was to become of her—must she beg her bread!

Bertrand Camusard was a young clerk, and being accustomed to the dissipations of Paris, was ever on the watch for a trick. When therefore, the young girl moaned her fate, he looked at her curiously. Her face was not in the least disfigured, the large dark eyes shone brilliantly, a slight flush relieved the whiteness of her skin, and her features were small and regular—she was very pretty, he found.

"Is there no one to help me?" piteously, extending her hand.

"Do not cry, mademoiselle," answered Bertrand, in a soothing tone, "I will take you home as if I were your dog."

"Oh, thank you, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"At one hundred and twenty-six Lacondamine street."

"That is close to my house," said Bertrand to himself, and then he added aloud, "the rain has stopped, will you take my arm?"

As they walked the young man looked at his fair charge in surprise; if she was acting a part she was doing it to perfection. Leaning on his arm in a charmingly confiding way, she told him that she was an orphan, that she had lately arrived from the country with no baggage excepting a letter of recommendation to a large establishment where she had received employment.

Her companion paid but little attention to her recital and made a few jesting remarks about the whiteness of her dimpled hands, and the becomingness of her cap, but he was firmly convinced that the girl was playing a trick on him. At last, wearied by her sad air, he determined to create a diversion, and show to show her that he was too thoroughly a Parisian to be easily duped.

"Let us go and have a glass of bier," he said gaily.

With an exclamation of dismay the girl let go his arm and stood still.

"Oh, do not try to be so high-flown," he said, taking her arm to lead her on.

But Martha drew back in affright and cried aloud:

"Help! help!"

At the sound of her voice another man, a well built fellow, came to her rescue, exclaiming:

"Let her go, you rascal!"

He dealt such hard blows upon the shoulders of Bertrand Camusard that the latter thought best to go his way without arguing the matter.

Martha then told her story to the new-comer, who in his turn informed her that his name was Pierre Carlier, and that he was the bookkeeper in the office of the Western Railway. He did not, however, mention the fact of his having been wounded in the face during the war of 1870, and of his still bearing a frightful scar.

Being deeply interested in the helpless girl who talked and listened to him without knowing of his disfigurement, which had always rendered him repulsive to women, he took her to her lodgings, and on leaving her at the door asked permission to return the next day. She assented willingly for the sincerity of his voice and manner inspired her with confidence.

The next morning Carlier brought a physician to examine the young girl's eyes, and his decision—that the recovery of her sight was doubtful and would at best be slow—filled her with anxiety. Who would provide for her while she was unable to work? Pierre Carlier read the question in her fearful and answered quickly:

"Do not be alarmed; your employer will allow you your regular wages while you are under treatment. That is the custom; I will go to him myself and explain matters."

A few hours later he came and said reported that the head of the firm had promised not only to keep the girl's situation for her but also to pay all her expenses until she was able to work again. Meeting frequently then began and Carlier came to her regularly with her wages; it was but natural that he should stay and talk with her, for Martha Dufloz had no friend in Paris excepting him, and she was glad to tell him of her doubts and fears. Gradually his visits became longer and more frequent, and the friendly sympathy already existing between these two afflicted ones, the blind and the disfigured, soon developed into sincere and ardent love. She was ignorant of the terrible scar on his face, and his gentle kindness and devotion won her heart.

Three months passed and still Martha was not cured, and at last she began to wonder how it was that her former employer kept on paying her without making any direct inquiries as to her condition. A suspicion of truth crossed her mind, and one day she commissioned the janitress of the house to go to the store and discover how the matter stood.

That evening when Pierre Carlier came to see her she was deluged in tears.

"I have found you out," she said. "Oh, how generous and noble of you to let me think that the money you brought came from my employer—to be utterly heartless! But indeed you ought not to have put such a debt upon me—it is absolutely necessary now for me to regain my sight that I may be able to pay you what I owe."

"You can more than repay me, very easily, if you will," he answered, gently.

"How can I?"

"By marrying me."

"You cannot mean that!" she exclaimed in astonishment.

When he repeated his words she began to cry with joy.

"I have not seen your face," she said at last, "but I am sure that it reflects the goodness of your heart. I will be your wife, on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That we are not married until I have recovered my sight."

Her decision filled her lover with dismay, and involuntarily he almost wished that she should remain blind, for he could not bear to think of seeing her turn away from him in disgust the first time she beheld his face.

"Let us be married at once," he said earnestly. "We shall be so happy. What is the use of waiting longer?"

But Martha was inflexible.

"I have already been too much of a burden to you," she said, "I will not consent to become a mill-stone fastened to your neck. If I cannot be cured at all, I will disappear, and you will never hear of me again."

"A suicide? Do you wish me to die in despair?" he cried.

But Martha felt sure that she would be cured suddenly, miraculously, and she longed to be able to give her lover a joyful surprise.

* * * * * * * *

It was the first Sunday in May. Spring was just decking the shrubs and trees in brilliant attire, and the meadows had begun to smile under the sun's warm rays.

Martha had promised to go for a walk in the country with Pierre, and he said to her a little wistfully:

"What a pity it is that you cannot see the loveliness of nature, for that would decide you not to postpone our happiness longer."

"I can hear the birds sing and smell the perfume of the flowers," had been the answer of the blind girl.

The appointed time had arrived and Pierre had called for his beloved. What was his surprise to find that she had taken all the bandages from her eyes, and he fancied that she gave a slight start as she turned toward him.

"Can she see?" he thought, growing pale with apprehension.

"What is the matter, dear? Ah, I know; you are astonished at my having no bandage on my eyes. There is no use in wearing it. I shall never get cured, I fear me. The doctors can do no more for me. And Pierre, I will not keep you waiting any longer; if you wish it we can be married at once."

In his delight Carlier imagined that her eyes were smiling upon him, but the next instant he laughed at his own folly in supposing that she would speak thus if she could see him.

The wedding took place four weeks from that day. When it was over, and the pair were told to sign their names in the register, Pierre took hold of his blind bride's hand to lead her to the book, but she turned away from him saying:

"Let me alone, I can find it by myself."

Then, to his amazement, she went straight to the desk and took up the pen.

"You are not blind," he whispered, "you can see my scar!"

"Oh, I saw that a month ago," she said smiling at his distress, and then added softly, "are you quite sure now that I love you, Pierre?"

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

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relieved by its use.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—Correspondences Columns Saturday Night Office.]

Hair Pins.—Quotations are not studied.

Aldyth.—Writing lacks ideality, intuition and ease of expression; shows gentleness, desire of praise, a little temper, truth and kindness.

Pere the Cowboy.—1. The population of Newburgh is 23,392. 2. Gentlemen do not generally think it a cheap gown necessary for two boys? I should scarcely think it was.—Pete.

Helen.—I have not the address you ar quire about. Am sorry, but know nothing about her. I did not answer your letter, but if answer was unnecessary, perhaps you will repeat questions and I may be able to satisfy you.

Wm.—This scant study shows honesty and candor, sense and humor, love of praise, desire for success, some tact and aptness. I think the writer has few freaks or impulses, and is greatly to be depended upon, would probably make a wise and good friend.

Rose.—I can't decipher your second signature; letter is dated April. Writing shows strength and firmness, mirth, ability and perception, love of society and probably the opposite sex. These are all its good traits. As you only ask for them, I reserve the delineations of its faults.

Dolores.—Soap agrees with some skins, but it must be the very best. Castile, if good, is certainly the most harmless. 2. I am afraid your answer will be late. Did you ever wear pale green, very pale? I should fancy a lady gown of that would suit you—that is, if you are not very tall. 3. Will give you list of French books next week.

Topsy.—Writing lacks decision, ideality and tact, shows want of tenacity, desire of praise, aptness to lean on others, conservatism and considerable caution, but not very methodical nor of great ability. It needs practice discipline and energy. 1. Yes, a genuine character is often betrayed by their walk, at least certain traits can sometimes be distinguished.

Topsy Turvy.—1. Your writing shows conscientiousness, optimism, a little impatience and temper, good judgment, probably you are the opposite to your name, though you have not the love of the ridiculous you mention. I should think you were gracious and kind in manner. 2. No. And sometimes nothing short of the supernatural could even understand it.

E. T. Z.—Writing shows strength, tenacity, carefulness and ability, while it lacks some refined and attractive traits, it is very admirable as a solid manly and sufficiently original chirography. I think you are sometimes a little rough perhaps in handling your reality, but you will be a good strong lover for some one to shelter in, and you have a certain appreciation of things beautiful.

Nanu Poo.—Writing denotes strength of will and selfreliance, a rather and well stocked mind, some tact and rather a thing for managing people and things, you are not mistaken in your hopeful prospect to dream, but would be hard on yourself first and others after. Surely all the nodcomms you send are more than half a joke, that is why we use sending me scraps and quotations. They go straight to the waste paper basket.

Britannia.—You may address Lady Gay, who will obtain any information she can for you. Writing shows good temper, perseverance, rather an openshearted and generous nature, not fond of forms and ceremonies, hopeful, sociable and rather confiding, with strong liking for art and beauty of all kinds, you are capable of making many friends. I hoped to be in time to send birthday good wishes, but the space locked. Perhaps you will accept them now!

Westland Ho!—Writing shows honesty, good temper, too great generosity (which sometimes means flattery?), energy and impulse, ambition and ability. You would make sunshine on a dark day, and though you may make use takes they will be of the head and not of the heart. You can look well after No. 1, but you are not selfish, only a wee "canny." Thanks for kind remarks about our paper, but it's not hard to please you, so we mustn't be too much elated by your opinion.

Artaxerxes, Etc.—1. Certainly. 2. It depends upon circumstances. One might sometimes shake hands, but not unless more than chance acquaintance. 3. Not with out a chaperone. 4. Your writing is not formed enough to make a good study. It shows some tree traits of tenacity and want of strength that sometimes mean obstinacy; also some care and precision, desire for approbation, and generosity not always restrained by judgment. It and its writer will no doubt, like wine, improve with age.

Appleblossom.—I am sorry I cannot, but you can rub it gently with glycerine and rose water, and when the skin is soft and a tiny bit moist powder with faintly tinted pink powder, which you can rub in lightly with a bit of chamois leather. The stiff collars often mark a delicate skin with an ugly band. Writing shows truth and honesty, some ideality and taste, not much energy, a slight egotism but not enough to be disagreeable. It is not a very to med or characteristic hand, but is extremely neat and legible. I think you have pretty good sense.

Kitten.—Were you "in haste," Kitten, when you wrote that address which surprised me so? It makes me think of a very inebriated red man every time I look at it. Your writing shows some intuition and talent, caprice and fickleness, little generosity, but much good temper and sense of the ridiculous. I think you are energetic and determined and have great curiosity, but your reasoning and your tenets are very irregular indeed. I think you sometimes speak unwisely and form hurried judgments, and you are fond of good things, like the creature whose name you borrow.

Santa Claus, Lindsay.—Writing shows lack of fixed purpose, some tact and love of beauty, rather apt to overrate and give undue importance to self and concerns selfish, fickle in some things, though very true to yourself, rather kind and sympathetic to those about you, a little given to judge and condemn, not very buoyant or hopeful, very careful and orderly and rather fond of good things of all descriptions. You would be a true friend to the few and indifferent to the many, not the stuff a philanthropist is made from. It is a very interesting and peculiar hand worthy a longer study.

Adele C.—1. Writing shows candor, some intuition and thought, sufficient perseverance, some method. I should think you might be successful as a govern ess, as you show patience, with no nervous twitch and turns, and a calm rather slow temperament. 2. The best way of testing true friends is to ask them to work for you. You will then have the pleasure of finding out that about one in a hundred will stand the test. Don't test them, but go on and believe in them. It is much happier. 3. It is a stupid fake and very undignified. 4. I am sorry not to have been able to answer sooner. Except the question is of importance I never answer out of turn.

A Long Waiter.—A complete answer to your question appeared in a late number, when an interesting study of the person you quote about was given. Your writing shows originality, candor, not much hopefulness, rather a desponding turn. You are probably quietly determined and persistent, with strong likes and dislikes, good sense and little danger of losing your head or control of your heart. You are curt of speech, never rattling on in fun and fancy. I think you are fond of music and appreciate wit in others, though you are not guilty of it yourself. You don't see quickly in a woman's way, but you generally see straight. I could not answer you sooner.

Tudor.—Writing shows care and candor, perseverance and good perception. I think you are a wise maiden, Tudor, and am glad you find something to interest you in my column. You are kind and conscientious, rather generous, not a bit envious but tenacious of your rights. 1. I think once a month is enough, especially if it is at all dry and weak—too much washing ruins the hair. I have several times given washes. A day or two ago a lady told me she found great benefit from coal oil, which she dropped into the roots of her hair with her machine oiler and then gently rubbed in. You might try a little. Brushing is good always, but don't scrape, brush lightly and evenly until you get a gloss on, then brush loosely for bed.

Jew.—Writing shows strength and impulse undisciplined and apt to outrun control, large aims and inoifference to those little nothings which mean a great deal. All the ideals are noble, but the realization is sometimes way, way off, and often way, way down. It is an amazing hand, and you would probably astonish me quite as much by some of your idiosyncrasies had I the pleasure of knowing you. You have large imaginative power and could be to be able to set down fancies in a readable style. You are generous and warm in your likings and a wee bit sure your crow is the very whitest. I don't see any mirth nor any ingratiating little ways. 2 Though your traits are mainly masculine ages from her eyes, and he fancied that she gave a slight start as she turned toward him.

Marie.—Am sorry your letter was not a kin wledged. But as I was not editing this column at that date, don't know why not. 1. Writing shows generosity, good temper, some love of fun, some taste for social intercourse, an artistic tendency, but not very markedly developed. 2 You must blame the poets, not the paper. Perhaps all the good ones have written themselves out. 3. You must consult your sister, and if she means well there can be no harm in making some return. There would be no impropriety in doing so anyway. It is idle to ask her. 4. I think they are the first lines of one of Moody and Sankey's sentimental hymns. The chorus is something about there being room for a "crowded" small girl in her Heavenly Home.

Vic.—1. Writing shows judgment and perception, decided tact and some love of fun. I should think you would be a pleasant companion and rather a smart conversationalist. You are not given to exaggeration, but are sometimes too decided in your opinions (but that is better than not being decided enough). You have not much sympathy nor yearning for praise. I fancy the approval of your own conscience is good enough for you. 2. It is not exactly prudent, but if you do not ask you lose, hate to say you should not go. It is so pleasant. 3. Your writing is very plain and good for a business hand. 4. It takes a very large thing to annoy me, Vic, but I am glad you noticed the request would have been in vain. Your fancy stationery bothered me a little. It mars a complete study.

Alexandra.—The worst thing about you is a little humbug. I am sure you are genial, fond of social intercourse, rather nervous and excitable, can be angry on occasion, but are chivalrous and kind. Your life is not rounded off into soft places, but I should fancy you would try and make the most of it. You are impulsive, original and would no doubt win many friends who would care more for you than you deserve or deserve. Now, is that bad enough? I have in my delineation put one adjective that doesn't seem to fit your nom de plume. It fits it better than your writing does anyway. The two traits which strike me most, as you ask me to be frank, are a little disposition to crookedness and humbug and a want of strength, which joined to tenacity means, my good friend, an unlovely obstinacy.

C. F. E.—Your inclosure shows mirth and mischief, some energy, slight tendency to speculation and impulsiveness, sensya, an easy going and happy disposition, showing some perception and tact, but not decision and determination enough for a good hand. To cultivate an easy manner, my dear correspondent, one needs constant intercourse, practical knowledge, and for delicacy of expression one can do much by judicious reading and study. Do you speak French, I ask, because there is a neatness in your writing, grace of expression and manner which goes with that pretty tongue. You know no one has much charming manner as a nice French woman, and if you speak French, language is greatly to blame for this attraction. The trait you mention as your probable charm seems only the refining influence to make it thoroughly irresistible.

W. M. C.—Writing shows reserve, self-depreciation, want of breadth and generosity, no love of the good things of life, some indifference to creature comforts. I should think you were conscientious, faithful, fond of order and system, reliable and true, one who knows the right and probably does it, a strongly pessimistic tendency, perhaps prone to fret, magnifying a little. Imagination will never build you any pathways through the rough places of life. You will step on every thorn, but you can bear thorns pricks without howling. You are waste water after your efforts, nor scatter abroad the sunshine of fun and laughter. Your character is original and strongly marked, and you need not complain of and deplore your chirography. I should be most happy to be the possessor of it and what is might bring me. My most charming studies come from your city.

La Salle.—A successful character is sometimes one who conquers and revels in some one thing to the neglecting of others but in your case success would probably be in doing many things well and in doing one extra well, while giving success doesn't gain special notoriety it makes and holds admirers of a more satisfactory class, quiet appreciative folk of the same calibre. Success in life means active enthusiasts who will fall down and worship any one who achieves notoriety. You are modest enough in saying kind things in a nice way. 2 I have never studied palmistry but if it invests a Queen street car trip with any interest it must be good for something. I don't quite see how you work it, La Salle. As I grow old, and more careful of my spare hours I am learning to choose studies which pay better than palmistry. You know any study in the lighter subjects is a pastime, if you have a taste for study. I am afraid palmistry is too useless to attract my practical mind. It was rather rough on me, your calm assurance that you don't believe I ever think—won't you smooth my ruffled feathers by taking that back?

A. B. C.—1. I don't think it would be suitable for anything but an opera wrap—with black lace and diamonds and lots of black fur or lace. It is rather out of fashion, but if you like to paint or embroider it, it would do for a mantel drape. 2. There is no question of politeness, need but hands would do it as it is not so tiring to them as to their wives. 3 Cleanliness, good temper, wholesome food and good temper will be the infallible remedies. I know nothing of cosmetics. 4 A lady leaves her own card and her husband's for any one on whom she calls. If she has married the caller leaves another of her husband's cards for the absent lady of her hostess. 5. Writing shows some perseverance, decision, energy, but not great nervous force. I think rather a self-contained nature, and not very buoyant, you are not very careful nor prim, rather easy going and with a dash of temper, still you have sufficient application, tenacity to achieve and moderate ambition. I have several times had to tell my correspondents that this isn't a late-reading column. I have no doubt you'll marry, if you get a chance, but as for whether you'll get that chance, I am altogether in the dark.

Gamoor.—Mirth and mischief and all sorts of funny pranks are in your eloquent chirography. I can hear you laughing in it! You are determined and manage to get your own way by hook or by crook, if you once set your mind on it. You have great sense of the "eternal fitness of things" and can, when needful, express yourself forcibly and clearly. You have large ideas and are wont to dream over them sometimes. I fancy you could say sharp things in your sarcastic mood, and you know it. You are rather fond of your dinner, and would soon make a hole in a fat bank balance. Do you waste a good deal of time? Lady Gay returns your kind greeting and says she likes you. Enclosure No. 1 is rather a meagre study. It shows lack of taste and finality, some strength of character, but carelessness in little things, or rather impatience of detail. There are several similar traits in it to Gammon's study, but it is more reserved, and though fond of a joke, not quite an incorrigible joker, and the *nom de plume* Snap is very appropriate. No. 2. Writing shows some ability, strong tenacity, rather a selfish tendency and a disposition to disagreeableness, with some strong prejudices and lack of nervous energy. Both notes are little gems of their kind—sense sometimes has fits of crookedness and perhaps dependency. I do not find it an extremely agreeable study.

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Mrs. Portly Pompous-O, Bridget, you have broken that magnificent Japanese vase.

Bridget—Sure, mum, isn't it lucky that there was nothing in it.—*Texas Siftings.*

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Notes of an Idler.

"Look! under that broad beech-tree I sat down, when I was last this way afishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their center, the tempestuous sea, yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones which broke their waves and turned them into foam: and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams." So read I in old Izaak Walton's idyl of English meadows and streams the other Sunday. And there, with the spell of his writing still on me, I put the Compleat Angler in my pocket and strolled out. It seems to me that the walker for exercise, who boasts that he does his mile in ten minutes, never attains the true pleasure of walking. It is the idler who strolls along with a mild interest in everything he sees and a book in his pocket he intends to read, who can truly appreciate the pleasures of walking. But the book that the idler carries with a view to turning the tune to profit, remains unread. Books are not for reading in the open air. The sentences as they reach one's mind are too apt to partake of the character of the haze away off in the valley there. The old songster who wrote:

> Oh! for a book and a shady nook,
> Whether indoor or out,
> With green whisp'ring overhead,
> Or street cries all about,
> Where I may sit at ease and read
> Both of the new and old.
> For a jolly good book whereon to look
> Is better to me than gold.

did not mean all that he said. If he was lover of nature enough to call to mind the green leaves "whisp'ring overhead" he would do little reading when in such surroundings. But though I did not read old Izaak Walton, the presence of his book in my pocket was a talisman to impart to me that feeling of Nature-calmness that constitutes the charm of an idyl; and what an ethereal delicious feeling it is. The idler feels it to the utmost when he lies down on the meadow with hands beneath his head and gazes up at the blue sky. He doesn't think in these moments. His soul seems to be part of it all and he looks at the clouds with a sort of fellow feeling and smiles at the changing faces in them. And if he is in love he does not seem to be thinking of his maiden, but still her spirit seems to be there with him and one with his in the enjoyment of it all. And far away, somewhere among those smiling, changing clouds, he hears the music of mighty orchestras, singing a vague, tender strain, a strain attuned to and having some subtle connection with the sunlight. Or, perhaps, as I did on this Sunday morning, he sits down on the bank of a stream, and gazing on its clear depths with shadows of the leaves playing through them again the feeling comes to him, different but the same, and he feels at unity with the stream and all Nature, and a thought comes to him this time—a vague weird feeling—that his life is as that of the stream; that it flows on from youth to old age and he knows, no more than the stream why it flows, why he should grow older. And with these shadows playing through his mind, as those others in the stream, the contented idler dreams on.

Music.

The musical events of the past week or ten days have been few and comparatively unimportant, if we leave out the Thomas concert, which took place too late for review this week. They have been principally church and school affairs. St. Michael's Cathedral was re-opened on Sunday after the extensive alterations and decorations which have been made in that handsome building. The musical part of the function was very impressive, Haydn's Third Mass being sung by a large and efficient choir with accompaniment of orchestra and organ. The ceremonies were continued on Tuesday evening, when the choir of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, assisted by Mr. A. S. Vogt, gave a sacred concert in the cathedral. The audience was large and evidently well pleased with the programme offered. Mr. Vogt was in splendid play and gave a more than satisfactory rendering of his selections, which comprised: March Pontificale, Lemmens' Allegretto Recitativo, Allegro con fuoco, Sonata in G minor, Finck; Pilgrims' Chorus, (Tannhauser) Wagner-Eddy; Coronation March, Meyerbeer; Reverie, Petrali; Marcia Villarccia, Fumagalli; and Gullmant's Grand Choeur in F. The choir of our Lady of Lourdes, under Mr. L. J. R. Richardson, sang exceedingly well in an Ave Maria, the solo being sung by Miss Minnie McGrath, with Miss Howland, violin; Miss Breen, harp; and Mr. Vogt at the organ. Astorga's Stabat Mater was a very strong factor in the enjoyment of the evening, sung as it was by Misses M. McGrath, E. Dick, K. Clark, and Messrs. J. D. Warde, W. A. O'Connor, F. Anglin, A. E. Curran and the choir. Miss Fanny Pringle gave an excellent rendition of Sgambati's Alma Virgo.

On the same evening a full choral service was sung at St. James' Cathedral on the occasion of the opening of the Synod of the diocese of Toronto. Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, musical director, and Mr. Percy W. Mitchell, choirmaster, had arranged an excellent service which was well carried out by the fine choir. Master Gussie Arlidge came in from Peterborough and sang Angels Ever Bright and Fair during the offertory. He has a very sweet voice, true in pitch and he uses it with much thought and care. In fact his singing is very creditable to his father, Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge, and Mr. Haslam, his instructors.

Tuesday evening also found a large and appreciative audience in the lecture room of the Y. M. C. A. building when Miss Louie Reeve, a pupil of Mr. Edward Fisher, gave a piano recital. She played Beethoven's Sonata, op. 53; Chopin's Polonaise, op. 58; Schubert's Impromptu, op. 142, No. 3; Schumann's Nachtstucke, op. 23, No. 4; Grieg's Humoreske, No. 4; and Liszt's Faust Valse. The young lady evinced considerable talent and a decidedly commendable technique. Vocal solos were given by Miss Eva N. Roblin, who sang De Lara's Garden of Sleep, Miss Frances H. Mason singing Schubert's Margaret at her Spinning Wheel, and Miss Clara Code singing D'Auria's Tell Me, Star. All the young ladies acquitted themselves excellently.

Signor DeLasco's concert, for which he has secured the assistance of talent of eminent value, will take place on Friday evening, June 19, at the Academy of Music. On this occasion the pianist will be Miss Eva Janes, who has been studying in Florence for two years under the well known Maestro Buonamici.

I have had many inquiries as to whether the ladies in Episcopal churches in Toronto are likely, as a general thing, to go into surplices. I have been quite surprised to find that, after the first announcement of ladies having been vested in Melbourne in surplices and baretta, in many of the smaller places in the United States a similar innovation had been tried occasionally on festive occasions and always with results highly satisfactory to the fair choristers, if not always equally pleasant to the more conservative members of the congregations. When tried here at St. James' Cathedral on Sunday, April 19, when Misses Reynolds and Bonsall sang a duett wearing surplices and velvet Tam O'Shanters, I quite expected a storm of indignation, but heard not a word except about a dozen inquiries from lady members of more Episcopal choirs who wanted to know whether they might hope to find such an innovation become general, and "would I say something about it in SATURDAY NIGHT."

To say something about it in SATURDAY NIGHT involves the necessity of stating that my expressed opinions are only those of an individual upon a question which has caused many dissensions. First of all, personally I like vestments for a choir, though I do not like boys in a choir, although boys are generally supposed to go with choir vestments. Surplices cover a multitude of sartorial sins, and a number of estrangements with soap and water, and I believe that this attribute first led to their use, as they produce the proper democracy in a choir. Speaking seriously, they also impart to wearers—at all events the older portion—the solemnity of the sanctuary. They cause promptness, and like a uniform they assist in forming an *esprit de corps* to use a worldly term. Then as to their effect on the listener, they have a solemn, ethereal appearance which causes much devotion and religious enthusiasm. The boy who wears the surplices, on the other hand, is no such romantic creation. He is full of mischief, and generally the last thing in his mind is devotion, and the next last is music. Between these two failings, it is hardly to be wondered at if in this country the boy choir has not been found an unmitigated success. In the Old Country nearly ever church has its parochial school, at which the choristers are free scholars. Daily rehearsals and daily services, the boys thus being always together, are possible and lead to excellent singing. Here all rehearsals have to be held in the evenings; the attendance is irregular, discipline is lax, and the musical capabilities of the choir are inelastic. The result is that the services in boy choirs are apt to become perfunctory in a musical sense, if not eventually in a devotional sense. Sentiment and expression in singing are absent in too many cases, solecisms of pronunciation occur in so many others, and the repertoire of the choir becomes so limited that a musician finds little comfort in being associated with it. This is generalizing, for of course there are exceptions. But the middle course seems to me to be the best, and that is to vest a choir of ladies and gentlemen and have order, promptness, good singing, and no class distinctions observable. If a choir is admissible at all it should be no less admissible when clothed in uniformity, cleanliness and neatness, especially when such clothing tends to regularity and promptness, together with a proper appreciation of the solemn function in which its members are engaged.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

Volumes might be written on the unrehearsed incidents of the stage. The emotions of an audience or the dislocation of the stage machinery often result in situations of a mirth-provoking and embarrassing character. Many a tragic passage has lost its effect by the tardy descent of a curtain or the stupidity of a scene-shifter.

The latter quality was responsible for an amusing incident at the Shakespeare Theater, Liverpool, during the production of Maritana by Mr. J. W. Turner and his company. In the second act Don Cæsar and Don Jose are in a prison cell and they have just arranged for the former's wedding. Don Jose thereupon says:

"And as your costume is somewhat unbride-groom-like, you will find apparel more suitable to the occasion in yonder chamber (pointing to a door); so put it on."

Don Cæsar replies:

"Oh! by all means. Attention to costume is necessary when one becomes a bridegroom. Ha! ha!" and makes for the door indicated.

At the theater referred to something had gone wrong with the door. Don Cæsar tried to push it open, then tried to pull it open, but the door obstinately refused to move.

Don Jose was impatient to begin his soliloquy, but he could not do so until his companion was off the stage. The struggles of Don Cæsar began to arouse the mirth of the audience, and so, to gain time, he turned and said:

"Is this the way?"

To which Don Jose answered, "That is the way."

Still the door would not give way. In despair Don Cæsar pointed to the wings at the prompt side, and said:

"Shall I try that way?"

To which his companion replied, with a perceptible smile, "Yes, try that way."

The house laughed uproariously as Don Cæsar disappeared to find his wedding garments under the prompter's wing, instead of in "yonder chamber." However, he showed his consistency as an actor by returning in his gorgeous apparel the same way by which he left the stage, instead of through the offending door.

At Birmingham some time ago the obstinacy of the curtain led to a ludicrous scene. The good young man of the play had just been stabbed by the adventuress, and he lay on his face apparently dead. One of the deputy villains came in, discovered the crime and cried for assistance. His utterance of the word "Help!" was the signal for the curtain to drop, but the mechanism was faulty and the curtain would not descend. The villain repeated the cue a second and a third time, with a pause between each cry. Still the curtain remained immovable. The situation became so awkward that the murdered man deemed it advisable to join in the demand for the curtain to hide him. He raised his leg and kicked the stage three times. This action was so ludicrous that the "house" roared with laughter as the curtain descended.

Frank Harvey, of Beatrice Company fame, once extracted himself from a similar dilemma in a decidedly original way. He was fulfilling an engagement at Leeds when he was cast for a villain's part in a drama called Pedlar's Acre. For the purposes of the play he had to be stabbed by the heavy man, to curse him, and then fall back dead. Two supers were to enter, raise and carry him off the stage, the heavy man remaining to declaim a speech before the change of scene.

One evening the supers failed to perform their accustomed task. Harvey received his stab, spoke his curse, and lay on the stage apparently as dead as the proverbial door-nail.

The heavy man loved to have the stage all to himself, and he was unable to proceed until the corpse had been removed. The supers were conspicuous by their absence, and when Harvey opened one eye he saw the heavy man glaring fiercely at him.

"Go off, you fool," he whispered excitedly. "Go off; I've got a speech."

There was an awkward pause. The actor felt that he could not outrage the proprieties of the stage by walking off it, considering that he was supposed to be dead. The audience got wind of the situation and a titter went round the house. The heavy man stood to his guns and would not vacate the stage until he had delivered his speech.

A brilliant idea struck the apparently defunct actor. He raised himself on his elbow, murmured in feeble tones: "Ha! life is returning; I will fly to a surgeon, I may yet recover," and then crawled off the stage. His exit was the signal for yells of laughter. The heavy man went on with his speech, but its effect was lost in the boisterous laughter which prevailed.

An Austrian actor displayed similar presence of mind during the performance of a play at the Ring Theater. In one of the scenes the heroine is shot by the villain. At the critical moment the pistol missed fire, but the villain, equal to the emergency, promptly exclaimed: "Die, then, the first victim of smokeless powder!"

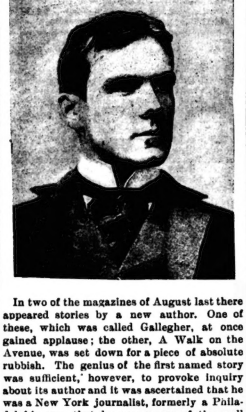
Rose Coghlan, it is said, is to marry her leading man and manager, John T. Sullivan, in the near future, and the same rumor is rife about Margaret Mather and Otis Skinner, her leading man and manager. The latter couple are in Europe on what might be termed an ante-nuptial wedding-tour.

Lillian Russell's weekly salary as prima donna of the Garden Theater in New York is eight hundred dollars, whereat *Truth* declares that if her nose were the sixteenth of an inch longer she would not command more than forty dollars a week, but if her voice fell off she would still be worth seven hundred and fifty dollars a week.

It is curious, when one stops to reflect over it, to find how few women have proved capable of turning their story-telling talent into successful dramatic form. Hundreds have made money and reputation as novelists, but, with the exception of Mrs. Burnett, none of the sex holds first rank as a playwright. They have made the effort time and again, but, save for pretty drawing-room dramas and curtain-raisers, the result has been a failure. The wife of a Western governor, and Miss Merington, the brilliant professor of Greek at the New York Normal College, are said to have broken the record and will essay a couple of strong plays next autumn. Constructive ability and terse, forcible dialogue are qualities the feminine dramatist has lacked thus far. Miss Mary E. Wilkins, whose inimitable sketches of New England life have won her fame both in this country and in England, is the author of a powerful tragedy dealing with witchcraft in early days among the Puritans. Whether this will prove available for practical presentation has yet to be seen.

America can congratulate itself on having produced the greatest comic actor of the age in the person of Mr. John L. Sullivan. John T. Raymond was funny, William Florence was funny, Joe Jefferson was funny, but the humor of these three concentrated in one would still be a mere circumstance to the humor of Mr. Sullivan, while engaged in portraying Jim Daly. It is irresistible, complete, overwhelming, and it never palls. Every remark makes its point, every sentence that drops from the lips of the worthy blacksmith is awaited with an expectant hush, then greeted with a roar of applause, and the heads of the audience bow like grain before the blast in the convulsive ecstasy of their mirth. The masterpieces of the greatest comic dramatists have never "caught on" in this brilliant and tremendous manner. No one ever laughed this way at The Rivals, even with Harry Beckett as Bob Acres. The house never rose at Fresh, the American, in this comprehensive fashion. Even The Critic, which is said to be the funniest play on the stage and makes people laugh till they are faint and weak, has never completely captured the audience as Honest Hearts and Willing Hands does. No; there is but one reason for it—the overmastering, irresistible, omnipotent comic genius of the immortal John L.

Richard Harding Davis.



In two of the magazines of August last there appeared stories by a new author. One of these, which was called Gallegher, at once gained applause; the other, A Walk on the Avenue, was set down for a piece of absolute rubbish. The genius of the first named story was sufficient, however, to provoke inquiry about the author and it was ascertained that he was a New York journalist, formerly a Philadelphia one, that he was a son of the well known magazine contributor, Rebecca Harding Davis, and that he had written another short story some years before for St. Nicholas. From time to time since, his stories have appeared in the *Century* magazine and *Scribner's* magazine until after ten months, with six or seven stories, he has become as popular a writer of this class of story as there is in America. He has become one of the editors of *Harper's* magazine and New York boasts no young man with greater chances of continued literary success.

His method at first suggests Rudyard Kipling. He is somewhat as Rudyard Kipling would have been had he grown up in American urban surroundings. Characteristic is his sympathy with the criminal classes as instanced in his story, My Disreputable Friend, Mr. Raegan. So far, however, his best effort is the one that first attracted attention, Gallegher. His face may be said to be more familiar to readers than his writings. It appears in a large number of the illustrations of Charles Dana Gibson, which are so well known in the magazines, and those who have read The Anglomaniacs will observe that the pictorial English lord and Richard Harding Davis are one and the same.

Two "Boy" Stories.

Here are two stories about small boys, and they both illustrate what each of us knows very well for himself, the ingenuity of the small boy when he is pushed into a corner where nothing but plenty of ingenuity and cheek will help him out. The first is told by a pedagogue in a small town up the Hudson who had to deal with pupils of both sexes and all ages. There was one boy whom, it was evident one day, he had got to thrash. So he kept him after school and with that delicious torment that teachers know how to apply, told him he was going to thrash him by and by, and then invited him to sit down and have a comfortable talk first. In the talk, which was of an uncomfortably personal nature to the boy, several things were learned; first, that the boy's father was dead; second, that he kept his hands so dirty because he liked them best that way, and third that he was a bad boy for the same reason. All this was honest and prejudicing in the boy's favor. But the thrashing had to be administered, and so by and by the invitation came.

"Take off your coat," said the teacher.

"I can't," said the boy.

"You can't!"

"No."

"You must."

"I can't."

For some time this went on. Finally the teacher demanded the reason.

"My father never 'lows me to take off my coat in the day," said the boy.

"But you told me your father was dead a bit ago," said the teacher.

So he had. It was very inconvenient. He thought a minute. "He is dead, honest," he finally volunteered.

"Then how could he have told you never to take your coat off in the daytime?"

"Them's the last words he said 'fore he died," he bawled out in despair.

And yet he got whipped.

The other is even better. "Teacher," said a small boy in one of the ward schools a few days ago, "Teacher, I was out to the Park an' I seen a bear walking around with his four feet chained to the ground."

"Saw a bear walking with four feet chained to the ground?"

"Yes'm."

"But, Charlie, a bear with all his feet chained to the ground couldn't walk at all," said the teacher.

That was a poser. Then Charlie, with superb imperturbability, raised his face to his teacher.

"Well, I seen him and you didn't," he said slowly, and with deliberate emphasis on each word.

Her Reason.

Aunt Fanny—Don't you believe, Emmy, that God answers little girls' prayers?

Emmy (S. S. Scholar, aged 7)—Yes, I know it.

Aunt Fanny—And do you say your prayers every night?

Emmy—No, Aunt Fanny. I hate people who, the more thy get, the more they want.

Sir John A. Macdonald.

For Saturday Night.

He liveth still who slumbers in that sleep
From which the voice of mourning cannot wake.
Who drop a tear for old acquaintance' sake
Will see the man in benefits they reap,
Of his own sowing or transplanting deep
Within the policies which he did make.
The aftermath of statesmanship may shake
The institutions of his brain, and sweep
From practice, but not regard, some of these:
The present need is legislation's aim;
What suits to day, to-morrow may displease.
Despite his faults, he fairly won his fame.
O where's the one in this Dominion bred,
Who'll bear no kind remembrance for the dead?

WILLIAM T. JAMES, Toronto.

Alone.

For Saturday Night.

Alone—Why ponder over this short word,
And yet, what depth of meaning it conveys
Coming from some poor soul which has not heard
A sound to cheer, or penetrate the haze
Which hangs about him, and whose mind
Has wandered into space, whose thoughts unbound
Are bent on seeking long and earnestly to find
Words to convey to one and all, when found,
The utter dependence of mankind.

But hark! a faint sound strikes the ear,
Surely I am not mistaken, and can it be
But imagination, causing me to peer
Into the darkness of eternity?
Listen! I am right, a still small voice I hear,
Saying in accents soft and low,
Speak at least one word to cheer
Me onward; I wish to help, to do
All in my power to drive away your sorrow
And bring about for you a bright to-morrow.

Whose was the voice, so clear and soft
That came to him, a message of love?
'Twas the Saviour's tempest tost,
Speaking from out His home above.
Did he refuse the proffered aid
And choose to wander and to roam?
Ah, no, he answered Him and said
Leave, oh leave me, no more alone
But guide me safely to my Father's home.

R. VAVASOUR BRAY, M. D.

Silence.

For Saturday Night.

My soul is voiceless as the frozen moon,
Yet in it slumbers music deep and strong
As all the splendid fire of sunlit noon,
Would that some hand might strike it into song.

And perchance the touch that thus should wake
The silent chords of melody,
Might be the hand of one for whose dear sake
The song would grow until too great to be.

So sleep my heart serene as yonder star;
Silence shall be sweet like summer rain.
To hush the lips of song were better far
Than bursting into symphonies of pain.

A. A. S.

The Ilse.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

For Saturday Night.

I am the Princess Ilse,
I dwell in Ilsenstein;
Come with me to my castle,
My bliss shall be part of thine.

Thy head will I besprinkle,
From out my crystal wave,
Thy sorrows shall all be forgotten,
Thou, who art sorrow's slave.

In my white arms enfolden,
Reclining on my white breast,
There shalt thou be in dreamland,
Of fairy-joy so blest.

And I will kiss and caress thee,
As once I kissed and caressed
The dear good Kaiser Henry,
Who now is gone to rest.

None has life but the living,
And the dead forever sleeps,
And I am fair and blooming,
My laughing heart it leaps.

Come down into my castle,
My castle of crystal bright,
There shoute the rout of squires,
There dances maid and knight.

There trains all silken rustle,
And clasning spurs adorn,
The dwarfs they drum and they trumpet,
They fiddle and blow the horn.

Yet, thee with my arms I'll encircle,
As the Kaiser in time long past—
I closed his ears that he heard not
The sound of the trumpet's blast.

A. A. MACDONALD, Heidelberg.

The Sweet Girl-graduate

Angel in a robe of gray
Standing there,
With a kiss of sol's bright ray
On your hair,
By the vermeil of your cheek,
By your eyes that more than speak,
By all graces shy and meek,
You are fair!

You have learned to *parlez vous*,
I suppose,
And have read some Latin, too,
Verse and prose;
You have wept Francesca's woe,
Read your Emerson, I know,
And can tell us where the Po
Flowed and flows.

You mayhap have deeper gone
E'en than this,
Though I would not wager on
What you win.
Yet, perhaps, your books among
You have learned, although so young,
How to write the English tongue—
Learned miss!

Read us now the essay, dear,
Erudite;
We will listen, never fear,
With delight.
For we know 'twill be a treat,
Wisdom's choicest, richest meat—
And you look so very sweet
Smiling bright!

Take your parchment with the rest,
School is out;
Let no fear disturb your breast,
And no doubt.
Whether you are dull or wise
There is something in those eyes
Sure all critics to surprise
And to rout.

Beauty no diploma needs,
Earned or bought;
Beauty of itself succeeds,
As it ought.
'Tis the thing we all adore,
That we strive for more and more—
You are music, art and lore,
Heaven wrought!

GEORGE HORTON.

Noted People.

Search the next European war and you will find that Natalie, late of Servia, is the woman at the bottom of it.

Carl Schurz, who as the president of the Hamburg-American Packet Company has made a study of the most improved methods of ocean travel, believes that steamers will yet be built to make the run across to Europe in three or four days. He thinks that safety need not be sacrificed to gain swiftness.

Miss Octavia Hill of London, whose model tenements have won her a wide reputation, refuses to receive as a tenant any man or woman given to intemperance. Her wealth enables her to buy up old, tumble-down buildings, destroy them and erect on the site new and convenient dwellings of suitable size and finish for workingmen and their families. The "Hill houses" are much sought after.

Pelagic, the Servian anarchist, has traveled between Belgrade and Sofia for the last three months at the expense of the Servian and Bulgarian Governments. Servia expelled him for the publication of a revolutionary pamphlet, and gave him a ticket to the Bulgarian capital. Bulgaria promptly gave him a return ticket and started him back. This sort of thing has been repeated ten times and the end is not yet.

A Washington story teller declares that Eugene Field, the Chicago humorist and poet, once sent a letter to Moses P. Handy, with a sketch of the back of that gentleman's head and "Philadelphia, Penn.," as the only address on the envelope, and the scanty tufts of hair on the scalp and the, luxuriant side-whiskers of the picture were so promptly recognized by the postal officials that the missive reached its destination.

A new play, Master Manole, by Carmen Sylva, was recently produced in Vienna. The drama is very sombre in cast, and is founded upon a poem by the Roumanian poet Alexandri, who died some years since. He was an intimate friend of the Queen, who called him her literary master. The receipts at the first performance were all given to charity. The actors were among the finest in Austria and the house was filled with royalties and other celebrities.

While Queen Victoria was in Western France, returning from Grasse recently, a telegram awaited her at one of the stations where a halt was made. The postmistress refused to give it to anybody's hands but the rightful recipient, and all the diplomacy of the royal train was put in action to induce this zealous functionary to waive rules and regulations in favor of the Queen of England. Madame only yielded to the pressing solicitations of a secretary of the British Embassy.

A novel experiment has been devised for the entertainment of dinner guests, the serving of salad grown under the eyes of the guests who partake of it. The secret of performing this magic feat lies in soaking germinating lettuce seed in alcohol for about six hours and sowing it in an equal mixture of unslacked lime and rich soil. After the soup has been served, sprinkle the seeds with lukewarm water and they will sprout immediately, the lettuce growing to about the size of hazel-nuts before the time for serving the salad arrives.

Mrs. Marie Blaine relates that when she was in Sioux Falls she was called upon by Plenty Horses, the slayer of Lieutenant Casey. After some conversation, Plenty Horses expressed a desire to speak alone with Mrs. Blaine, which she consented to gratify, wondering what he could want. When they were alone he begged her to give him some chewing gum, for which he was longing, but was too proud to ask in the presence of others, and when she had given him gum he begged further for a clean shirt and for a blue ribbon such as she was wearing.

Dr. Will R. Lee of Springfield, Ohio, who has been appointed royal physician to the King of Siam, is only twenty-eight years of age. Only four years ago he was driving an express wagon and delivering express packages in Springfield. He was youthful, of handsome appearance, of fine physique, rare intelligence, and was always active in church work. His friends raised a fund of over one thousand dollars to assist Mr. Lee in taking a course at the University of New York to fit himself for a medical missionary. He was graduated with high honors in the class of 1890, and after his marriage with a young Canadian lady, who had also studied to become a medical missionary, he was assigned by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions to a station at Petchaburee, Siam. He entered into the work there with a will, and the stories of the astounding cures of the young Yankee physician soon filled the sleepy Oriental land with wonder. What it took the native physicians five weeks to cure with their pagan tomfoolery, young Lee would cure in five days. He had only worked six months at Petchaburee when the fame of his wonderful cures spread to Bankok and reached the ears of the Siamese Government.

In the *Figaro* there is an interesting study, by M. Edmond Potrier, entitled Comment meurent les Bonapartes. For the most part they die early and die in exile. Only three of the race have closed their eyes in France. None of them have attained extreme old age. Charles Bonaparte, the father of the emperor, died at the age of thirty-eight, Napoleon at fifty-two, Caroline at fifty-six, Pauline at forty-four, and Eliza at forty-three. Of the next generation, the Duc de Reichstadt died at twenty one; the two daughters of Joseph at fifty-three and at thirty-eight; of the children of Lucien, the Prince Pierre reached sixty-three, but the Prince of Canino died at fifty-four, and Prince Lucien at forty-four; the eldest son of Louis, who was to have been Napoleon's successor, died untimely at the age of eight; the second, Louis, at twenty-seven, and his son, the Prince de Monfort, at thirty-three. M. Poirier finds the family to have been markedly liable to gout and its kindred or accompanying diseases—rheumatism, affections of the heart, diabetes, cancer. The father of Napoleon died of cancer of the stomach, as did Napoleon himself; so, also, according to M. Yung, Lucien. Caroline, too, succumbed to the same disease, and M. Poirier believes that Pauline met the same fate. Prince Pierre died of a cardiac disorder resulting from rheumatism, and diabetes appeared in Jerome and his descendants. King Jerome himself was carried off by a gangrenous pneumonia, which was an accident of his disorder, and his son was equally diabetic. Gouty calculus caused the death of Napoleon the Third.

Time and Temper.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ANTI-SLANDER SOCIETY BY FATHER PUFFINGTON.

My Beloved Friends and Critics:

In the days when there were such things as bashful boys, I can remember a schoolmaster of the dear, old-fashioned, birch-rod type, asking the three following questions and receiving the following replies:

"What is philosophy?"

"Philosophy is that which enables us to bear with fortitude the misfortunes of others."

"What is time?"

"Time is the means by which we become either masters of ourselves or slaves to ourselves, either masters of our circumstances or slaves to our circumstances, either masters of our fates or slaves to destiny."

A pause added force to the third question:

"What is that which, since the world began, has caused all the wars and tumults, all the national disasters and all domestic discords? What is it that makes of life a torture, and of homes but dreary prisons? What is it that crushes childhood and blights the brightest hopes of youth, that hardens maturity and renders bitter the declining years of age?"

The boy trembled under the weighty question as he answered one word:

"Temper!" and he was right.

Dear friends, I will not enlarge upon philosophy, because I feel sure that all present have learned the important lesson to bear, not only with fortitude, but with great patience and cheerfulness—the misfortunes of others. The two other questions of time and temper will form the subject of my address to-night.

A platform friend once confided to me that a successful speech should consist of three parts:

(1) Of some world-worn truth, so clothed and contorted as to seem the original outcome of the speaker's individuality.

(2) Of an anecdote or illustration of this transposed truth, and

(3) Of an effort to drive the truth and anecdote home to the rocky hearts of the hearers.

May the means justify the end! I have tried to follow his advice, for what truth could be older than time or more terrible than temper?

Have you ever noticed that the human elements around you can be classified under four heads:

Those who make time.
Those who waste time.
Those who keep time.
Those who kill time.

Passing down a certain street the other day I overheard one young man say to another, "I must be at work an hour earlier to-morrow morning. I want to make time to go out bicycling in the afternoon." They passed on but the remark set me thinking. This young man could evidently make time for anything he wished to do. I wondered if he would have been as anxious to make time to cut and saw wood, to take up a course of study or to do any irksome thing to help the world forward? I trow not. We can generally make time for only those things which are gratifying to ourselves.

Those of you who are blessed with Irish servants can feelingly recall how slow they are when you are in haste, how quick and noisy when you would like to breathe or sleep and they wish to go out—especially of a Sunday morning when religious duties require that they should serve your breakfast an hour earlier than on other days.

We find human nature pretty much the same in author and anchorite, in marchioness and milkmaid, in cow-driver and cow-boy. In some way we all manage and contrive to carry out our own plans, to make time for what we earnestly wish to do. To such—and that means everybody—I would suggest that, by controlling and educating their desires, they may gradually raise their standard until at last they will only wish to do good and improving things!

Every person I have met has a favorite way of wasting time. Whether it is this man, so sure that the country is going to destruction that he has to spend all morning and most of the afternoon in giving directions how it can be saved; or the other man, who spends the day explaining what he is going to do, always going—you will notice—never gone.

Whether it is the friendly lady gossip who runs to see this friend just for a minute, then that friend just for a minute, until many days with their untold possibilities have passed her by forever, and she is that much narrower and that much emptier than she need have been; or the mother so devoted to clothes and callers, fancy work and novels, that she deliberately loses health and eyesight, while the thoughts and morals of her children run riot. How many of us postpone an unpleasant task, then let it go altogether; and how we dawdle or shriek, then blame somebody else to keep our spirits up. Although we are supposed to be responsible beings, yet each and all will literally lose from two to ten hours a day without even being conscious of it, many drifting on the sea of time like "spars of a broken ship!"

No one likes to be considered behind the times. Isn't it mortifying to be questioned about an article we have never read, or reminded of a poet whose name we have never heard? What a tingle of despair pervades us when such and such a battle, or such and such a bishop is mentioned and we are on the side of ignorance! I can imagine no feeling so utterly delicious and soul-satisfying as the knowledge that one is up with the times, that one cannot be caught napping while the world moves on. Yet the truth is that no one person can keep up with the times. The intelligent world is divided into two great classes—those who keep up with the outward and visible and those who keep up with the inward and spiritual, and these are contrary the one to the other. Seldom, indeed, is a man or woman found who is in the front rank of fashion, education and religion. Generally, in proportion as they are advanced in one direction they are that much behind in the others. How then can we keep time? In only one way—by devoting our thoughts and lives to that which is eternal and indestructible. Truth, knowledge, art, religion, can never be out of fashion or out of date, neither can we so long as our lives are inspired by them. Are St. Paul, Luther, Shakespeare, Newton, out of fashion or their works out of date? They are more in fashion and in date every year of the world, because they were not only men but forces, powers—and always for good.

There is much time deliberately slaughtered by the devotees of athletic sports, because this class includes all sorts and conditions and all ages of men and women. I have noticed that those who take a course in lawn tennis, lacrosse, fencing or cricket become stronger, but is it to work? Ah, no, but whereas, at the beginning of the season, they could only play one or two hours, at the end of the season they can play the whole day! What then is their gain? Only an increased capacity to kill time. We sometimes see a man with a powerful physique—he can lift an eighty pound dumb-bell and he can "box" his opponent to the brink of annihilation—but could he originate one thought which would make the world wiser or one scheme that would make it happier? Not he—he is not that kind. What a pity he could not be an elephant, or a buffalo, or even a dray horse, so that his brute force could be controlled and utilized! The usual plea for spending so much time on muscular development is that, if the young people were not doing that they would be doing something worse; but I have a higher opinion of human capacity than to believe that, if people are not doing something useless they must do something wrong. Could they not direct some of that energy into more profitable channels and yet derive as much health and satisfaction from the effort? Must the treasury of thought remain empty for our old age while we lay in a stock of money and muscle which we fondly hope will last forever? It seems to me that we are holding life and time by the wrong end, like a child, grasping the blade of a knife and trying to cut with the handle.

Many sad things are said and written on the subject of lost talents and lost opportunities, but how are they lost? By wasting time in useless things, which could have been spent in developing and improving them. Some day the reckoning will come, and the wilted weeds of listless lives, of lives that could and ought to have been so different, will be contrasted with the flowers and fruits of noble lives—the lives of self-denial, energy, purpose, pain! I wonder if there is even one person here to-night who is really making the most of his time!

It is with great delicacy that I approach the next part of my discourse—as the very word temper awakes a responsive chord in every human breast! There are four principal varieties of temper, under one of which each of us may take our proper place:

The uncertain temper.
The aggressive temper.
The selfish temper.
The sullen temper.

The uncertain temper is well described by Dickens, in his character of Mrs. Varden, as the one tolerably certain to make other people uncomfortable. It is very merry when every one else is sad, and utterly depressed when any one else feels gay. It is out of tune with other voices, out of touch with other hearts. We can't go to Mrs. Grabbe at four o'clock Monday afternoon and find her so cordial and lovable that we feel she has just been communing with seraphim, but meet her on the street Wednesday evening and you will wonder if you have ever been introduced, for you receive a hard, cold stare, an automatic dip of the head, and you are left in a cold perspiration, wondering what you have said or done to cause the change. My dear, you have said nothing, done nothing; it is simply Mrs. Grabbe's precious little temper asserting itself and you are the victim for the time being. To-morrow, if it suits her mood, she will be cordial to you again and cool to somebody else, but you can just imagine the pleasant time she gives her people at home.

The aggressive temper is that which, not satisfied with being miserable itself, must pursue and annoy others until they reach the same altitude of misery. This is the temper which keeps the world straight, which puts things in motion and keeps them going. Such a temper will enter a room where several people are happily employed and will attack one after another something as follows: "Why, Ned, are you wasting your time here? I thought you were copying those papers I asked you to copy yesterday. No wonder you can't be depended on for anything. I never knew you to keep a promise. Well, that's the last time I'll ask you to do anything for me!" "Surely, Maud, you are not silly enough to dawdle over that useless thing when you might be practicing or reading! Try to remember how empty your brain is!" Then, after a moment's pause: "Is it possible, Sadie, that you are reading that trashy book Nash lent you? I am so surprised and disappointed in you. I had no idea that you had such a depraved taste in reading—that book isn't fit to read!" A slab, then: "Here, Nellie, do stop that everlasting fancy work and mend these gloves for me. If you would only put that time and eyesight on something useful you wouldn't be looking so old and cross," etc. May you be delivered from living in the house with such a temper! It was my privilege for one month, and I bear the scars to this day.

Some mothers are beautiful illustrations of the selfish temper. They talk so sweetly and cheerfully of the failings and mismanagement of other people's children, that you might mistake them for cherubs carolling "How I pity Mrs. Snuff in having such ill-mannered children! Why, what do you think her little Polly did the other day when Mrs. Naggs and I were calling? You will hardly believe it, but the child jumped upon a chair behind Mrs. Naggs and pulled off her bonnet, false bang and all! Wasn't it terrible? But Mrs. Snuff didn't seem at all annoyed and actually laughed instead of correcting the child. Such dreadful training. I cannot understand how some mothers," etc.

And yet when the teacher of a private school came to this very Mrs. Eggs, telling how ill-mannered and impertinent her little Prunella was, presto, what a change! "Excuse me, Miss Dragge, but there must be some mistake. I never had the slightest trouble with Prue—she obeys perfectly. She may be a little wild and perhaps uses slang from mixing with other children," naturally; but perhaps the trouble is you do not understand Prue—perhaps you were too amiable. Still, if you cannot control her I can send her to another school where they may be able to understand her," etc., etc.

All selfish tempers are charming until you "touch home" and then! But I leave the consequences to your own experiences and imaginations. I like to "touch home,"—then make my escape!

A school girl undergoing an attack of what is popularly called "sulks," is a pleasing and refreshing object, but there is something imposing and tragic in the spectacle of a man of forty suffering from the same complaint! Have you ever seen one? Have you ever owned a near and dear relative subject to these attacks? How we watch with bated breath to see the gradual gathering of gloom, and how we listen with ear attuned to hear the ominous change in the voice! How we rejoice in the family freedom when the clouds pass and our relative returns to his normal state, be that pleasant or otherwise—generally otherwise! Ah! I know the road. I have traveled it with a dear brother-in-law many a time!

There are many striking and interesting combinations and variations of the above named tempers upon which I need not now enlarge, as I feel sure that your own self-knowledge, can supply all that I would or could say. Still, having the uncomfortable consciousness that I have "touched home," I am now anxious to escape into the land of the imaginary whither I will beg you to accompany me, that we may trace together the fortunes and failings of the Rev. Horace Harpoon, the hero of the illustration.

Let us first glance at the deck of one of the P. & O. steamers, outward bound from England. Among that incongruous mass of people we are at once attracted by a figure which combines all the stalwart qualities of a monk, a veteran and a cricketer—we see in fact a thoroughly religious athlete! His well set head narrows gradually upward, denoting self-appreciation and spleen; his massive jaw bespeaks the well fed Englishman; while the curl of his military coat collar, and the unusual evolutions of his eye-glass, show that æsthetics and music have not been neglected. In his good right hand he grasps the proverbial cudgel (two feet long, one-half inch diameter), with which every Briton defends his country, his honor and his life.

In imagination the Rev. Harpoon had just shaken hands, for the last time, with the Queen, the parliament and the dear mob of London, and is going forth to risk his life among the corals and cobras of India. In short, he is a missionary to the Ballaghiera Indians in Tellaboo country, Connighoull.

As in all truly great men their characters are discerned in even the ordinary affairs of life, so one could divine the whole secular and religious character of Rev. Horace Harpoon, from the way he had packed his trunk. At the bottom of the trunk, as a solid foundation, lay Clarke's Commentary on the Old Testament, surrounded by cricket bats and bats. Then came Dawson's Orations on the Oracles, flanked by masks and foils for fencing. Johnston on the Early Fathers reposed very suitably between two swords, while Farrar's Life of St. Paul was surrounded by dumb-bells and tennis racquets. From one boxing-glove protruded a tract on the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, almost a satire coming from that instrument of cruelty to people, but life is made up of just such irrelevant things. Two details will show the practical turn of his mind; his pistols were loaded, ready to shoot the prevailing man-eaters, and he had three bottles of Conway's Cure for Snake bites, as he foresaw that he would be bitten by a different kind of cobra every week during the snake season.

A month later on we see the Rev. Horace acclimatized and settled in his charming bungalow, among the Tellaboo Hills. Most of us imagine that our poor missionaries in India are tortured by animals and insects, and starved by their admirers at home; but we are wrong—our pity has led us captive. I assure you that the Rev. Harpoon had not even one pet privation; his luxuries exceeded yours or mine, while he received more attention than he could appreciate, much less return.

By this time, however, he had reached a state of depression and dissatisfaction. He had begun that most dangerous of all things—to wonder! He wondered why it had been necessary to make such a country as India any way, with its climate hot, uncomfortable and unhealthy, when it might just as well have been made cool, inviting and invigorating! He wondered why the natives had been made black, and ignorant, and dirty, when they might just as easily have been made white, and clean, and learned! He wondered, most of all, how he could ever have imagined that he, an L. N. G., could be contented with such surroundings for more than a week! His thoughts went back to the intellectual atmosphere he had left, and the dear little Oxford dinners. He recalled the day when, engaged in some harmless sport, his head got broken, and one of the professors—a D. K. R.—had bound it up for him and had afterwards turned the whole occurrence into Latin verse for him as a memento. But such delightful days were over now.

Before he left England our friend had imagined himself the leader in many a future adventure with lions, and had even wagered that he would send home, by a certain time, a certain number of tigers' paws. But things seemed different now that he was on the field, as it were. Instead of girding himself and leading off with a flash of sword and a brave hurrah, there seemed a sensitive shrinking of body and mind from even the mention of anything so brutal as lions or so unrefined as tiger; but he felt cowardly and ill at ease as during his siestas he pondered his broken vow.

The days of the Rev. Horace Harpoon passed quietly enough. Between drinking lemonade, fanning himself, his midday sleep and a mild study of Greek slang, he seemed to have little time left for making "happy savages miserable." It is true he kept up his taste for sports and tried to get the natives interested accordingly. In the cool of a lovely evening a number of his parishioners gathered to see him practice tennis and to become so far enlightened, one of the most intelligent being chosen to hold a racquet and act as a sort of dummy opponent. When, however, the Rev. H. H. came out, dressed in a striped suit which made him look like a new variety of tiger, and began leaping and lungeing, bending and bounding, brandishing his racquet and becoming frantic in the pursuit of a mere ball, the natives became alarmed. They naturally thought that either he or the ball was bewitched, and after screaming and dancing with fright they one and all took to their heels, lead by the dummy with the racquet, and followed by a hail of balls, racquets and nets from their enraged and insulted pastor.

The following Sunday when the dummy came to service he wore the racquet attached to his head as a hat; the Sunday after he wore it as a coat, and so on. It was rumored that he used the racquet with great effect in his home circle, keeping even his grandparents in awe of him, and thus from an apparently harmless implement he extracted the full intrinsic worth.

We find it hard to believe that the Rev. Horace Harpoon had actually been sent out to train these savages, to teach them how to curb their tempers, how to improve their time, while he was more ignorant on those two subjects than the poorest and meanest of the race. Thus, with all his love for learning and leisure, all his knowledge of sport and of ease, he had missed his vocation and as a missionary he was a first class failure. It is with relief that we turn to his punkah-puller, Ya-jah, and find in him the sterling qualities his master and teacher lacked.

At earliest dawn, when heat and insects are ready for their first attack on slumbering humanity, Ya-jah began his work of pulling the punkah and keeping the Rev. Harpoon asleep two solid hours more. Then on through each tedious day, till noon would darken into twilight and twilight blacken into night, the sweet-tempered Ya-jah, whose eternal patience had developed into genius, soothed and cooled and comforted the man who had been sent to soothe and cool and comfort him. O Golden Rule, thou art oftener kept in darkness than in light!

Had Ya-jah no return, no recognition of his irksome, livelong toil?

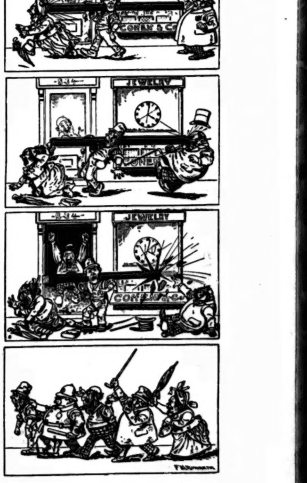
O, yes! he got ten scoldings and five cents a day! By the aid of Radway's Ready Reckoner I have been able to estimate his salary at the comfortable sum of eighteen dollars a year.

I could not find out accurately how many wives, how many children, and how many poor relations he had to support on this well earned income, but from what we know of the climate, I imagine very little would be wasted on clothing, still less on lager beer and perhaps none at all on horse racing. Yet, strange as it may seem, notwithstanding these drawbacks they were a healthy happy family, gladly receiving the sunshine for clothes and the air for food, as many another will have to do until the Single Tax makes brothers and cousins, uncles and aunts of us all.

My dear friends, the hour for our parting has come. Let me beg you not to accept Rev. Horace Harpoon as my idea of a typical missionary—far from it. Like many a better man, he got into the wrong niche—that is all. Perhaps you imagine that I believe there are no sweet-tempered people living, as I devoted more time and criticism to the others. Ah! where would you and I be to-day had it not been for sweet-tempered people of whom the world was not worthy!

Not in vain shall we have met together if in future these two questions are daily digested by each of us: Am I making the most of my time? Am I training my temper for the benefit of others?—*Reported by Retta Longstreet.*

The Beam in Your Own Eye.



"Dead to Sweet Sounds"

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I see they have an instrument now they place on the piano to kill the sound.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Well, that's simply a waste of time. Why don't they put it on the player?

Space Limited.

Lady—I wish to select a pet dog.
Dealer—Live in the city, I suppose, mum?
Lady—Yes, I live in a flat.
Dealer—Then I should advise an Italian greyhound, mum. No matter how much you feeds a greyhound he allers stays narrer.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

MISS QUILT.

A STORY OF THE AUSTRALIAN GOLDFIELDS.

BY B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "No. 119 Gt. Porter Square," "Sacred Nugget," "Aunt Parker," "Nine of Hearts," Etc., Etc.

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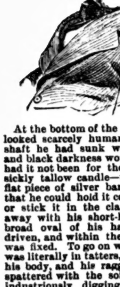


At the bottom of the shaft little Dick Million looked scarcely human. To begin with, the shaft he had sunk was thirty-six feet deep, and black darkness would have enveloped him had it not been for the dim light shed by one sickly tallow candle—the candlestick being a flat piece of silver bark shaped like a bat, so that he could hold it conveniently in his hand, or stick it in the clay wall while he worked away with his short-handled pick. Into the broad oval of his bat four nail heads had been driven, and within these four nails the candle was fixed. To go on with little Dick Million was literally in tatters, and his face, his hair, his body, and his ragged garments were bespattered with the soil in which he had been industriously digging since sunrise. Still further, the man himself, as he squatted on the ground, was in a state of the most tremendous excitement. In his outstretched palms lay some crumbling stones of a shape in which bright gold was glittering, and he was gazing upon this treasure in delirious consultation. There was a sufficient reason for his frenzy. He had just struck the gutter.

"If this is a fair sample," he muttered, "it will weigh fifty ounces to the tub at least. A hundred tubs at that rate will be five thousand ounces. Twenty thousand pounds! Hoorah!"

Poor Man's Gully had been rushed six months ago, and in less than a month it swarmed with gold diggers. Dick Million himself was the discoverer. Tramping thither with his wife and child, a pretty little girl scarcely five years old, he set about prospecting and had found gold. Not in large quantities, but in his judgment the indications were promising, and he had let some mates at a distance into the secret. They circulated the news, gilding it richly, and "Rush, O!" was the cry. But the eager miners were doomed to disappointment. With the exception of Dick Million's claim only a few specks here and there were found, and Dick Million's earnings were nothing to boast of. He made at the most two ounces a week, and this lasted but a short time. The new goldfield did not have a name, and the disappointed diggers christened it "Poor Man's Gully," and then began to scuttle away as fast as they had flown to it. Dick Million, however, did not lose faith in it.

"There's gold about," he said to his wife, "and I'm going to stick to Poor Man's Gully till I find it."

"All right, Dick," said his wife. "You're not often wrong."

A few other miners, though with less faith than Dick, also stuck to it, and scattered themselves over the hills and gullies, and marked out claims, and sank shafts, with disappointing results. Their numbers gradually thinned, one and another dropping away to seek a new Tom Tiddler's ground, and at the present time the population of Poor Man's Gully comprised forty souls, all told. Dick Million was glad for their sakes that he had justified himself. True, their faith was unknown to him and he was steadfast, but he had in a measure lured them to Poor Man's Gully, and now he was in a position to reward them.

He had been in Victoria six years, and his little daughter was born in the colony. With that exception he had met with ill luck hitherto, but his little Georgie (short for Georgina) was a nugget far more precious than the largest that fortunate gold-digger ever found, more precious even than the "Welcome" nugget, which had been sold for ten thousand pounds. A hundred thousand would not have purchased little Georgie's love, and supposing an impossibility, and that he was willing to sell her for a hundred thousand, there was his wife, who would have turned her back upon all the gold that has been dug out of the bowels of the earth since the Creation, and hugged her darling Georgie to her breast to prevent her being snatched away. Upon this point, and upon most others, Dick Million and his wife were in perfect accord; but there was certainly one upon which they did not agree.

Ten years ago, in the old country, by which endearing term England is know to all Englishmen in the Australian Colonies, Mrs. Million, being a maid, and a pretty one into the bargain—else where should Georgie have got her good looks?—had half-a-dozen sweethearts, two of the most earnest of whom were Dick and a man older than he, by name Ted Brayley. Now, Dick was an honest, steady, plodding young fellow, and Ted Brayley was an out and out scamp. He was a dissipated, idle, worthless fellow whom no efforts could reclaim, and perhaps it was his misfortune that he had a bit of money. This he ran through quickly, all but an income of thirty pounds a year, paid to him in quarterly instalments, and so tightly guarded that it was out of his power to dispose of the capital; otherwise he would soon have squandered it. He had, however, one good spot in him—he loved Charlotte Littlewood, Mrs. Million's maiden name, with a very genuine love. Had not Dick Million been in the way, it is not at all unlikely that she would have married him and tried to reclaim him, and thus have rescued herself from a life of misery. But Dick stood first, and him she chose, pitying Ted all the while, and having at the bottom of her heart a sneaking regard for him. She and Dick did not agree in their estimate of Ted Brayley.

Dick could see no good at all in him, and declared that he was utterly, irreclaimably a bad lot.

Lotty shook her head, and declared on the other hand that there was a great deal to admire in Ted, and that if he had had proper guidance in his youth he would have turned out a worthy and good fellow.

"When he does something to prove your words," said Dick to his sweetheart, "I'll believe as you do. Till then I stick to my opinion. Let us talk about something else; I'm sick of h a very name."

Which did not in the least affect Lotty; she was a pertinacious young woman and she kept still a little corner in her heart for worthless Ted Brayley. Perhaps because he loved her so well. Women are strange creatures, and have strange ways of reasoning.

When Dick Million and his wife made up their minds to emigrate and try their fortunes on the goldfields, Ted came to wish them good-bye. He was not sober—he rarely was—but he wished them good luck, with his eyes all the time on Lotty's pretty face, and with an expression on his own which savored somewhat of pity for himself.

This angered Dick; it was almost like making love to Lotty while her husband stood by. He could not boast of good looks, whereas Ted Brayley was really a fine handsome fellow.

"Good-bye," said Ted, "and God bless you."

"Good-bye," said Dick, adding, under his breath, "and good riddance to you."

Lotty stood with her hand in Ted's.

"Try and reform," she said, and added boldly, because it was said in innocence, "try and be a better man, so that I may think well of you."

"You, and you only," said Ted gloomily, "could have made me a better man. But I don't blame you, I don't blame you."

He turned away, and that was the last they saw of him in the old country.

That was six years ago, and now Dick Million was cowatting at the bottom of his shaft, delirious with the excitement of his discovery. He had sunk the shaft alone, having only the occasional assistance of his wife, who had grown strong in the free air of the goldfields, and who would stand at the windlass for a couple of hours a day, hauling up the stuff which Dick had dislodged.

Under such conditions the digging of the shaft had been a laborious job, but Dick was proof of man who had made light of difficulties. When his wife was not with him Dick would make the rope fast and lock the handle of the windlass, leaving sufficient loose rope hanging down the shaft to enable him to reach the bottom. Large foot-holes in the sides of the shaft assisted his descent, and were of still greater assistance when he climbed hand over hand from bottom to top.

Controlling his excitement Dick set to work upon a further examination of the golden gutter he had discovered. It was wide enough for riches, from eighteen to twenty four inches, and every inch he laid bare sparkled with gold. He picked out a number of nuggets from a pennyweight to half an ounce, and presently he came upon one which could not have weighed less than seven or eight ounces.

"Poor Man's Gully, indeed!" said Dick. "Why, if this goes on long enough I shall be a millionaire!"

The fortunate discovery had come just in time, Dick being pretty well at the end of his resources; but he was all right now. He could make certain of a hundred ounces at least, even if the lead ran out; if it did not, there was no telling what he would be worth before a month was over. At the end of an hour Dick prepared to climb upwards to the earth's surface. His pockets were filled with lumps of the golden gutter, and with small nuggets, which, with the large one he had unearthed, would probably make up a total of twenty ounces. A capital beginning! Up he climbed, grasping the rope firmly with his clay-crusted hands, and scrambled to the surface.

It was now within an hour of sunset, and he believed himself to be alone. The canvas tent in which he and his wife and their little Georgie lived was a quarter of a mile away. In order that no one in his absence should be able to get without difficulty to the bottom of the shaft, he detached the rope from the windlass and slung it across his shoulder. Then turning his face towards his tent he saw that he was not alone. Upon a hillock of rubble, some ten yards from where he stood, was a man, and by the man, gazing at her master with patient loving eyes, stood a dog.

"Hallo, mate," said Dick.

"Hallo," responded the man in a thick voice, and looking up, revealed to Dick Million the face of Ted Brayley.

"Why, Brayley!" cried Dick, who was in a good humor with himself and all the world.

"Dick Million!" cried Ted. The dog barked. "Be quiet, Miss Quilt."

"Well," said Dick, "you're the last man I should have expected to see in these parts."

"Same to you," said Ted.

He rose, and then Dick perceived that he was drunk.

"Ah," said Dick, his bitter feelings against Ted reviving, "the same old game."

"Yes," said Ted, unsteadily, "the same old game. Won't last much longer, Dick. I'm jaded."

The man was a perfect wreck. His limbs trembled, his eyes were bloodshot, his lips twitched. Dick Million was in tatters certainly, but they were honest, respectable tatters, of which no man need have been ashamed. Ted Brayley's tatters were disreputable to the last degree, and with his shaking limbs and bloodshot eyes proclaimed his degradation. All at once Ted observed a bottle stuck in Dick's left hip pocket.

"I'm in luck," he said. "Give an old pal a drink."

"You're welcome," and with a grin handed Ted the bottle.

Ted put it to his lips and made a wry face.

"Tea!" he muttered with a shudder of disgust.

"Don't suit your complaint," said Dick.

"Not by a long way. Haven't you got any brandy?"

"No, and if I had I wouldn't give it to you."

"Wouldn't you!" said Ted, without the least trace of resentment. "How's Lotty?"

"You drunken beast!" cried Dick, with a sudden fury. "You're not fit to mention her name."

"More I am—more I am; but how is she?"

The answer came from the near distance.

"Dick! Dick!"

It was Lotty's voice, and there was a note of trouble in it. She traveled almost as quickly as her voice, and reached her husband's side. She was in evident distress of mind, but Dick now thought of nothing but his discovery of the golden gutter.

"Look here, Lotty. I have found the gutter. It will wash fifty ounces to the tub."

He pulled the nuggets from his pocket, and held them out to her with joy in his face.

Ted Brayley stood aside, tipsily observant. Lotty had not seen him.

"Never mind the gold, Dick," she said. "Where's Georgie?"

"Where's Georgie?" he echoed. "Why, isn't she at home?"

"She hasn't been home all day, replied Lotty rapidly, "and I've been so busy washing that I hardly missed her. She went away this morning, saying she was coming to you, and she knows her way so well that I didn't stop her. She's done it before, you know."

"Yes," said Dick, gazing around in a bewildered fashion, "but I haven't seen her."

"My God!" cried Lotty. "She must be lost! It's four hours now since she went. O, Georgie, Georgie!"

"Don't lose your head, Lotty," said Dick, thinking no more of his gold. "We'll soon find her. Come along."

They turned in the direction of their tent, and Ted, accompanied by his dog, Miss Quilt, followed them leisurely.

"Who's Georgie?" he asked of himself, as he went along unsteadily. "Miss Quilt, who's Georgie?"

Miss Quilt looked up into his face and wagged her tail.

By this time Dick and his wife were out of sight.

"That's a nice way to treat an old friend," said Ted, pausing. "What do you say, Miss Quilt?"

Miss Quilt wagged her tail again.

"There's a tent at the foot of the hill yonder," said Ted, still addressing his dog, "and when we passed it a couple of hours ago I saw a woman washing clothes. Her back was turned towards me, and I didn't know it was Lotty. If I had, I would have asked her for a drink. Let us go there, Miss Quilt. But who's Georgie, oh my dog?"

In addition to the man's gait being unsteady, he seemed to be in a weak condition; therefore they made but slow progress, and it was quite half an hour before they reached Dick Million's tent.

"This is it, Miss Quilt," said Ted. "Let us see if she's at home?"

No one was about. He called for Dick and then for Lotty, but received no answer. Unceremoniously he lifted the canvas door, and entered, Miss Quilt following him gravely. On the rough mantel shelf was the photograph of a little child. He took it in his hand, and gazed at it in the uncertain light, for it was now sunset, and the night was coming fast.

"It looks like Lotty when she was a little child," he said. "Did you ever see a sweeter face?"

Miss Quilt gave an affirmative bark.

"You're a dog of discernment, Miss Quilt. I'll match you against a human." He put the photograph in his pocket. "Long ago, my dog, I lost my moral sense. Dick Million behaved like a brute to me, calling me a drunken beast. Well, that may be, but he might have wrapt it up civilly. They are happy together, Miss Quilt, and I don't intend to stay to introduce discord, nor will I stay where I'm not welcome. So away we go, you and I, before they come back. Where to, eh, Miss Quilt? God knows! I've come to the end of my tether, my dog, and the game's up. Amen! I was never any good to anybody that I know of, and it is quite as well that I have reached that page of an ill-written book. This picture, which is the picture of Lotty when she was a little girl, I take away with me, having no right to it. It isn't an honorable action, is it? but I'm going to do it and take the consequences. But it is really puzzling, is it not, who Georgie can be? What's this? Half a bottle of brandy! We're in luck, Miss Quilt. Spoils of war. I appropriate it. Take a drink, Miss Quilt."

He went through the performance of pretending to give Miss Quilt a long pull at the bottle by putting it to her mouth with the cork in it. Miss Quilt, who stood on her hind legs to reach the corked bottle, dropped on all fours when the pretence was finished and instantly began to roll about as though she were drunk. She lurched on one side, then lurched on the other, then rolled over, then staggered herself to her feet again, and stumbled tipsily about with a most perfect imitation of a dog who had taken more than was good for him.

Ted Brayley shook with laughter at the performance.

"Well done, Miss Quilt—well done," he cried. "There's a fortune waiting for you on the stage. But you must reform your ways, my dog. This sort of thing will never do."

He took the corked bottle and put the liquor to his mouth. It was a long drink, and he drew a long breath after it.

"That done, I am a man again. Come, Miss Quilt, let us go."

With the photograph in his pocket and hugging the bottle close, he went out of the tent, Miss Quilt now somewhat recovered, treading at his heels. A digger ran towards the tent and stopped at sight of Ted and the dog.

"Has she come back?" asked the man breathlessly.

"Has who come back?" inquired Ted.

"Georgie."

"And who may Georgie be? It's what I've been asking Miss Quilt this last hour and more."

"Mrs. Million's little girl. She's lost—strayed away half-a-dozen hours ago. If she's got among the Nuggety Ranges, Lord have mercy upon her! Once you get in, there's no getting out, unless an expert shows you the way. Dick Million and his wife are almost mad. Every man in the gully is searching for the little one!"

He was gone, and Ted and Miss Quilt were left alone. The bright colors in the sky were dying quickly away, but there was still sufficient light to enable Ted to see, hanging on some lines near him, a number of small garments, such as a little child would wear. He touched them softly.

"Little Georgie's clothes, Miss Quilt—Lotty's daughter. The clothes Lotty was washing when we passed her. Miss Quilt, there's work before us."

He took a small flannel petticoat off the line and gazed at it with much tenderness.

"No, this will not answer. There scent is washed out of it. Is there anything in the tent?"

He re-entered the tent, and lifted a hanging of green baize which divided the sleeping from the living apartment. There were two beds in it, little cribs for Georgie and a stretcher for Dick and his wife.

Under the pillow on the crib was a child's night-dress. He drew it forth, kissed it, and sat down on the stretcher.

"Stand up, Miss Quilt."

The dog obeyed.

"Listen, my faithful dog, to what I am going to say to you. A little child has wandered God knows where, and if she is not found to-night she will die. We must find her, if no one else does. Do you hear? Do you understand? Good dog, good dog! Now, mark. We go from this tent, you and I, and if you don't lead me to little Georgie never look me in the face again."

He enveloped Miss Quilt's head in the nightdress, and when he removed it the dog sneezed restlessly, and looked intelligently at her master and then moved to the door.

"Can you do it, my dog?"

Miss Quilt jumped up to his shoulder and barked: seizing his trowsers with her teeth she pulled him towards the open door.

"Good dog, I will pay for the picture of little Georgie and for the liquor I have pilfered."

They passed out of the tent, the dog leading the way. It was now quite dark, for a moment Miss Quilt stopped, with nose in the air, and then she made a sudden bound forward. Ted followed her, but his movements were not so rapid as here.

"Gently, Miss Quilt, gently. Remember that I cannot see in the dark."

They met no one on their way. Those who were searching for the child were hunting in other directions. For an hour and more they walked on, Ted stumbling sometimes over obstructions he could not see, but always picking himself up cheerfully, and encouraging Miss Quilt by the sound of his voice, the growing weakness of which made no impression upon him. On they went, and another hour passed.

"Are you sure you are right, Miss Quilt? We have been out a long time now, and Lotty is growing more and more anxious. She is a mother, my dog, and we are going to find her child for her—we are, are we not? Thank you for that assuring bark. We are on the trail, I am sure. You are not the dog to deceive a master who loves you. I do love you, Miss Quilt—and Lotty—and little Georgie. What are you stopping for? Don't say you've lost it, or I'll never believe in dog or woman again, either in this world or the next. You don't think you have. You are preparing for something. What is it? A man's heart is as strong as a dog's. I hope. O, jump to it! Here goes, after you."

He jumped in clumsy fashion, because of his increasing weakness, after the dog, and fell floundering into a turbulent creek. He scrambled out as well as he could and reached the opposite bank.

"I acknowledge your superiority, Miss Quilt. But if little Georgie came this way, how did she get across the creek? I am a stupid idiot. There are big stones about, and she stepped daintily upon them. It was daylight, then. Those little feet of hers must have been wanted by now, but her mother has courage and endurance, and Georgie takes after her, of course. Dick Million has pluck, too, so Georgie inherits it both ways. He's not a bad sort, Dick Million. It's a mercy Lotty married him instead of me. He is a man, and I am little better than a brute. Where are we now?"

They were mounting a steep and rocky range, and when they got to the top they plunged into a valley, covered with huge boulders; then up another range of a similar kind, and down another valley. Many a wound did Ted receive as he followed Miss Quilt; the blood ran down his legs, but he did not feel the pain.

"We are among the Nuggety Ranges, I suppose. I remember reading of two strong men being found dead in these parts, having been entangled in this stony wilderness of valley and mount, and unable to find their way out. Poor little Georgie—poor little Georgie! O, the little tender feet, the bewilderment, the despair! What is this you are thrusting into my hand? A child's shoe! Georgie's! Then you are on the right road, my dog! O, Georgie, Georgie! O, my poor child! There is a light in the sky. Thank God, the moon is coming out. Come quickly—quickly! Angels of mercy, drive it forth!"

The faint light broadened, grew brighter, and now the bright moon sailed forth in peace and majesty. The scene around them was indescribably wild and majestic. Far as he could see stretched great hills and valleys of disintegrated rocks, all so much alike as to baffle the judgment which sought to find a road to safety out of them.

They had been out now at least four hours, and Ted's limbs trembled, and his heart fluttered at the thought that a child of tender years must surely meet her death in these wild regions. Happily their search was soon to come to an end.

Miss Quilt ran forward with the swiftness of a deerhound, then ran back, and whined pitifully. Ted went forward, saw stretched upon the ground the body of a little girl. He fell upon his knees by her side.

Her clothing was literally torn from her; there was blood upon her; her sweet face was white as death.

"O, Georgie, Georgie! O, my poor, poor dear! But is she dead? O, God, for Lotty's sake let her live!"

He rubbed her hands, her limbs, her body; he took the pilfered bottle of brandy from his pocket and chafed her with the spirit, and succeeded in forcing a few drops down her throat.

"Miss Quilt! Miss Quilt!" he cried, in a voice choked with joy. "She breathes—she moves—she will live! But If Great God, what darkness is this that is coming upon me! Is it death? No, not yet; not yet! I must live—I must, till Lotty comes to receive her child. I cannot carry little Georgie back; my strength is gone. I am dying!

By sheer force of will he arrested the coming stroke.

"Quilt, my dear doggie, listen to me. With you rests my salvation. With you rests my forgiveness for an ill-spent life. Take this shoe in your mouth. Good, my dog, good! Hurry swiftly to the tent and bring little Georgie's mother here. Hurry—hurry! I kiss you on the head, on the mouth. Now, go!"

Miss Quilt sped back, leaping as though she were mad.

Ted pressed the form of the little girl to him, to give her warmth.

"Georgie, Georgie! Can you hear?"

"Yes," faintly whispered the little one.

"Who is it? O, I am so tired, so tired!"

"Mother will soon be here, pet. Have patience—patiently!"

The brandy he administered to her overpowered her senses, and she lay in his arms, asleep.

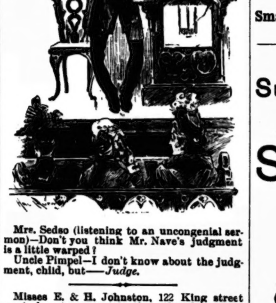
The night passed, the eastern skies were filled with light. Over the stony ranges came the sound of anxious voices and the bark of a dog. But no voice answered them.

When Lotty bent over her sleeping child she saw that the man who had saved little Georgie had passed away. With her child in her arms, saved from an awful death, she kissed the face of Ted Brayley, and bade God bless him.

They bore him back tenderly, and to this day his name is a treasured remembrance with her and her husband and little Georgie. The child often sits down with Miss Quilt's head in her lap, and talks to her of the master whose flower-covered grave is within sight of the dwelling in which she is growing up to a fair and sweet womanhood.

THE END.

Something Else Was.



Mrs. Sedso (listening to an uncongenial sermon)—Don't you think Mr. Nave's judgment is a little warped?

Uncle Pimpel—I don't know about the judgment, child, but—*Judge.*

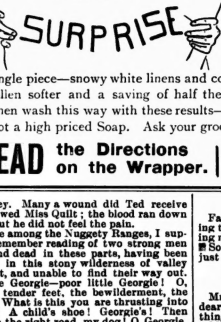
Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street west, beg to announce that they have just opened up a choice selection of "mousseline chiffon" challys and various other summer goods. Latest novelties in Parisian millinery and trimmings.

Not the Everyday Kind.

"Common drunk!" asked the judge of the policeman who had brought in a dilapidated tramp.

"No, yer honor, uncommon drunk. Oi think," replied the officer, as he tried to raise the man from the floor.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

IT IS NEWS TO MANY WOMEN



THE "SURPRISE WAY" of washing clothes with "SURPRISE SOAP" without boiling or scalding a single piece—snowy white linens and cottons—colored goods brighter, woollen softer and a saving of half the hard work. A great many women wash this way with these results—you can too. "SURPRISE" is not a high priced Soap. Ask your grocer.

READ the Directions on the Wrapper.

"SURPRISE SOAP" can be used for any and every purpose a Soap is used.

ATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste

FOR CLEANING THE TEETH. 25 YEARS IN USE

"How are you?"
"Nicely, Thank You."
"Thank Who?"
"Why the inventor of
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Which cured me of CONSUMPTION."

Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you take it.

Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil.

Give thanks. That it is such a wonderful flesh producer.

Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for *Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Coughs and Colds.*

Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

Can You Believe It?

We know it is hard to believe, and yet it is true, that every day persons who ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, have handed out to them something which looks like C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S, and yet is not.

They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud!!!

The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

HEED THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R'S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.
(Limited) MONTREAL
Offer for sale all grades of refined
SUGARS AND SYRUPS
Of the well-known brand of
Redpath
Certificate of Strength and Purity:
CHEMICAL LABORATORY,
MEDICAL FACULTY, McGILL UNIVERSITY.
To the Canada Sugar Refining Company:
"GENTLEMEN,—I have taken and tested a sample of your "EXTRA GRANULATED" Sugar, and find that it yielded 99.85 per cent. of pure sugar. It is practically as pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured.
Yours truly,
C. F. GIRDWOOD.

The Pope's Mule.

Of all the odd sayings, proverbs or adages with which our peasants elaborate their conversation, I know of none more picturesque than this one:

Within a radius of fifteen miles about my mill, wherever they speak of a spiteful, vindictive man, they say:

"That man! look out for him! He is like the pope's mule that kept her kick for seven years!"

I have endeavored for a long time to find where this saying originated and what were the circumstances connected with this papal mule and the kick of her heels which she guarded for seven years. No one here has been able to inform me upon the subject, nor not even Francet Mamal, my fife-player, who, however, knows all the provencal legends on the tips of his fingers. Francet thought, and so did I, that it was founded upon some old chronicle of the country of Avignon, but he has never heard it spoken of except in the proverb. "You will only find that in the grasshoppers' library," the old fellow laughingly said to me. The idea struck me as a good one, and as the grasshoppers' library is at my door I went to shut myself up in it for eight days.

It is a marvelous library, well provided, open to the poets night and day, and, thanks to the attendance little librarians with cymbals, who give you music all the time. I passed several days there delightfully, and after a week of researches—lying on my back, I finished by discovering what I was looking for, that is, the history of the mule and that famous kick of her heels which she guarded for seven years. The story is pretty, although a little ingenious, and I shall tell it to you just as I read it yesterday morning in a manuscript tinted like the meadows, all sweet with the odor of dry lavender and having blessed lady's threads for bookmarks.

He who has not seen Avignon in the time of the pope has not seen anything. For gaiety, life, animation and a succession of *fetes*, no other city ever equaled it. From morning till night processions, pilgrimages, the streets strewn with flowers, decorated with hangings, the arches of the cardinals, the flags and banners in the wind, galleys adorned with flags, the pope's soldiers who sang in Latin in the public squares, and the rattle of the begging friars; then all around the houses pressing about the grand papal palace like bees around a hive, the tick-tack of the lace makers, the coming and going of the shuttles weaving the gold of the chasubles, the harmony tables that were tuned at the lute makers, the canticles of the curiousnes; besides this, the noise of the clocks, and always the sound of the tambourines as they rumbled below at the side of the bridge. For in our country, where the people are content, they dance and they dance; and as at this time the city streets were too narrow for the farandole, the fifers and the tambourineers took their stand on the bridge of Avignon, enjoying the fresh wind from Rhone; and here, day and night, the people danced and danced. Ah, what a happy time! What a happy city! For the halberds no longer cut, and the wine was always put in the prisons of state to keep it fresh. No more want! no more war! This is the way the popes of the Comtat governed their people; and this is why their people so much regret that they are gone.

There was, above all, a good old man named Boniface. Oh! the tears that were shed in Avignon when he died. He was such an amiable prince, so prepossessing; he smiled so graciously from the height of his mule; and when you passed near him—no matter whether you were a poor little ragamuffin or the great judge of the city—he gave you his blessing so politely! A true pope of Yvetot, but of Yvetot of Provence, with something cunning in his laugh, a sprig of marjoram in his berretta and not the least jeanneton. The only jeanneton that he was ever known to have, this good old father, was his vineyard—a little one he had planted himself three leagues from Avignon, among the myrtle trees of Chateau-Neuf.

Every Sunday after vespers the worthy man went to court his vineyard. And when he was there, half reclining in the warm sunlight at the foot of a stump, his cardinals gathered round, his mule near by, then he ordered a flagon of wine to be opened—that delicious, ruby-colored wine which has since been called the Chateau-Neuf-des-Papes—and tasting it in little sips, regarded it with an affectionate air; then, the flagon empty, he returned at dusk joyously to the village, followed by his whole chapter, and passing over the bridge at Avignon, between the tambourines and the farandoles, his mule, animated by the music, began to trip gently along until he himself marked the time of the dance with his berretta—which greatly scandalized the cardinals, though the people all said: "Ah! the good prince! Ah! the brave pope!"

That which the pope loved best in the world, after his vineyard at Chateau-Neuf, was his mule. The good man just doted on it. Every night before going to bed he went to see that the stable was well fastened and that nothing was lacking in the manger; never would he rise from the table without having had prepared, under his own eyes, a large bowl of wine *a la francaise* with a quantity of sugar and spices, which he carried to her himself, in spite of the remarks of his cardinals. I must say, too, that the beast was well worth the trouble. She was a beautiful black mule speckled with red, with a glossy coat, the croup large and full, sure-footed, and carrying proudly her pretty head all decorated with pompons and bows and silver bells and ribbons, and, moreover, sweet as an angel, with an artless eye, and two long ears always in motion, which gave her the air of a good child. All Avignon respected her, and when she went by the streets she received great attention, for every one knew that that was the surest way of finding favor at court; and that with her innocent air, the pope's mule had led many a one to fortune. As proof listen to the story of Tistet Vedine.

Tistet Vedine was, by principle, a shameless rogue, whose father, Guy Vedine, the sculptor in gold, had been obliged to send from home because he did nothing but entice the apprentices from their work. For six months he spent his time loafing about the streets of Avignon, but principally by the side of the papal palace, for the scoundrel for a long time had had a scheme on hand about the pope's mule—and you will be sure that it was something of a mischievous one. One day, when his holiness went out for a walk all alone under the ramparts with his mule, Tistet Vedine approached him, and, clasping his hands with an air of admiration, said to him: "Ah! Mon Dieu! Grand Saint Pere, what a beautiful mule you have there! Stop a moment that I may look at her. Ah! mon pape, the beautiful mule! The Emperor of Germany has not one to equal her." And he petted her and spoke sweetly to her, as he would to a young girl. "Come now, my jewel, my treasure, my fine pearl . . . And the good pope, much moved, said to himself: "What a good little fellow! How gentle he is with my mule." And then the next day—do you know what happened? Tistet Vedine exchanged his old yellow jacket for a beautiful lace silk, a casock of violet silk, shoes with buckles, and he entered into the service of the pope where never before had anyone been admitted except the sons of nobleness and the nephews of the cardinals. This is what you gain by intrigue. But Tistet Vedine did not stop here.

Once in the pope's service the rogue continued the game which had brought him such good luck. Insolent to everybody, he had no kind attentions, no civility for anyone but the mule; and he was always found about the courts of the palace, with a handful of oats or a bunch of French grass, from which he gently shook the little pink blossoms while he looked up at the balcony of the holy father as if to say, "Hey! what's that for!" And finally the good pope, who felt that he was growing old, concluded to leave to Tistet the care of the stable and carrying the bowl of wine *a la francaise* to the mule, and the cardinals did not laugh at this.

Neither did the mule laugh any more. Now when the hour arrived for her to have her wine, she always saw coming towards the stable five or six little acolytes, who jumped quickly into the straw with their cassocks and laces; then, in a moment, a good warm odor of caramel and fragrant spices pervaded the stable, and Tistet Vedine appeared, very carefully bringing the bowl of wine *a la francaise*.

Then the martyrdom of the poor beast commenced.

The perfumed wine that she loved so much, that kept her so warm, that gave her wings, he had the cruelty to take to her there in the manger to make her smell it; then when her nostrils were full of it—pass it by. I have seen it. The beautiful flame-colored liquor all goes down the throats of these wretches. And yet, if they had but stolen her wine; but they were like little devils, all those little acolytes after they had drunk it! One pulled her ears, another her tail—Iniquet mounted her back, Belequet tried his barretta on her, and not one of these rascals dreamed that by one kick the brave beast would be able to send them all to the polar star or even further. But, no! that would be too undignified for the pope's mule, the mule of benedictions and indulgences. It was all useless for the children to tease her, she did not get angry; and she had a grudge only against Tistet Vedine, as when she felt him behind, her hoof longed to have at him, and truly quite rightly, too. That scapegrace Tistet played her such villainous tricks. He invented such cruel things after drinking.

One day it occurred to him to make her mount with him into the bell-tower to the top, the extreme point of the steeples. And you, if you is not a story—200,000 provencals have seen it. You can picture to yourself the terror of this poor unhappy mule, when after having turned round and round for an hour, groping up the stairway like a snail, and clambering up I don't know how many steps, she found herself all at once on a platform dazzling with light, and at 1,000 feet below her she perceived all of fantastic Avignon, the booths at the fair not much larger than hazelnuts, the soldiers of the pope before the barracks like so many red ants and yonder, spinning a thread, the Durance, a little microscopic bridge where they danced and danced.

Ah, poor beast! What terror! What fright!

The bray that she gave forth made all the window glass of the palace rattle.

"What's the matter? What have they done to her?" cried the pope, rushing out on the balcony.

Tistet Vedine was already in the court pretending to cry and tear his hair. "Ah! grand Saint Pere, that what it is! It is your mule—Mon Dieu. What will become of us! Your mule has climbed the bell tower."

"All by herself?"

"Yes, grand Saint Pere, all by herself—stop! Look at her way up there! Do you see her ears sticking out over the railing? Why they look like two swallows!"

"Mercy on me!" said the poor pope, lifting up his eyes. "But she must be mad! that she will kill herself. Come down now, you wretched creature!"

Jingo! She did not ask anything better than to come down. The stairway! That was out of the question; she came up that way to be sure; but the descent! Why she would break her legs a hundred times over. And the poor mule was in despair, with everything turning round and round as she stood on the platform, while her great eyes were swimming in her head.

Then she thought of Tistet Vedine.

"Ah, ruffian, if I escape from here—what a kick from my heels thou shalt have to-morrow morning."

This idea of the kick put a little more heart in her legs, without which she would not have been able to stay there. Finally they came to take her down, but it was an awful affair. They were obliged to use a jack, some cords and a litter, and you can just imagine what a humiliation it was for the mule of the pope to see herself suspended from such a height, swung in space by her feet like a May bug on the end of a string—and all Avignon looking at her.

The unhappy beast did not sleep all that night. It seemed to her that she was constantly turning round and round on that accursed platform, while the populace of the city reached her from below. Then she thought of that infamous Tistet Vedine, and that masterly kick of her heels. From Pampelune they would be able to see the smoke of it.

Now then, while they were preparing an elegant reception for her at the stable, do you know what Tistet Vedine was doing? He descended the Rhone, singing gaily, on a papal galley, and went to Naples with a troop of young nobles that the village sent every year to the court of Queen Jane, in order to acquire skill in diplomacy and other similar accomplishments.

Tistet was not noble; but the pope wished to recompense him for the kindness bestowed upon his beast, and particularly for the activity he had displayed during the last week of her.

It was the mule that was disappointed on the morrow. "Ah! the ruffian! He suspected something!" she thought, shaking her bells furiously; "but it will keep. Go, you wicked fellow! Thou shalt find it again on thy return, the kick of my heels—I will keep it for thee!"

And she kept it for him.

After Tistet's departure, the pope's mule found her life's routine tranquil and her days proceeding just as they did before Tistet's adventure. No more Iniquet, no more Belequet at the stable. The beautiful days of the wine *a la francaise* had returned, and with them her good humor, her long siestas and the little steps of the dance when she passed over the bridge at Avignon. However, since her adventure, she always noticed a little coldness among the people. There were whisperings along the road, the old folks nodded their heads in a knowing way, and the children pointed up to the bell tower. The good pope had no longer so much confidence in his friend, and when he allowed himself to take a little nap in the saddle on Sunday, when returning from the vineyard, he always appeared to first make this mental observation, "If I find myself, on waking, up there on the platform—" The mule noticed this, and it caused her pain, although she said nothing; only when any one pronounced the name of Tistet Vedine in her presence her hoofs shook, and with a hoarse laugh, she whetted her iron shoe on the pavement.

Seven years passed thus. Then at the end of these years Tistet Vedine returned from the court of Naples. His term had not yet expired there, but he had learned that the first mustard maker to the pope had died suddenly at Avignon, and, as the position seemed to him good, he came in great haste to put himself in his place.

When this intriguer Vedine entered the hall of the palace, the holy father hardly recognized him, for he had grown so much taller and stouter. I should also say that the good pope was getting old, too, and that he did not see well without his spectacles. But Tistet was not dismayed. "How, grand Saint Pere! You do not recognize me? It is I, Tistet Vedine."

"Vedine!"

"Why, yes; you know me well; him who used to carry the wine *a la francaise* to your mule."

"Ah, yes, yes. I recall him—a good little fellow, this Tistet Vedine. And now what does he wish of us!

"Not much, grand Saint Pere. I come to ask you—apropos, do you you your mule yet? And is she very well? Ah! so much the better! I came to ask you for the place of the first mustard maker, who has just died."

"First mustard maker, thou! But thou art too young! How old art thou now?"

"Twenty years and two months, illustrious pontiff—just five years older than your mule. Ah! *palme de Dieu!* The brave beast! If you knew how I love her, that mule, how I languished for her in Italy. Will you not let me see her?"

"If, my child, thou wish to see her," said the good pope, very much moved, "and then thou lovest her so much, the brave beast, I only wish that thou couldst no longer live away from her. From this day I attach thee to my person in quality of the first mustard maker. My cardinals will object, and thou will be worse! I am accustomed to it. Come to see me to-morrow after vespers and we will give to thee the insignia of thy rank in the presence of our chapter, and then I shall lead thee to see the mule, and thou shalt go to the vineyard with us Sunday. Ha, ha! *Allons*, ha!"

If Tistet was happy on leaving the grand hall of State, with what impatience he awaited the ceremonies of the morrow! need not take the trouble to tell you. However, there was some one in the palace still more happy and more impatient than he. It was the mule. From the time of Vedine's return the unfortunate beast did not cease stuffing herself with oats, and to sharpen her hind hoofs against the wall. She also was preparing for the ceremony.

And then the next day, when vespers were over, Tistet Vedine entered the great court of the papal palace. All the highest clergy were there—the cardinals in red robes, the devil's advocates in black velvet, the abbes of the convent with their little mitres, the warriors of Saint Agricol, the violet cassocks of the bishops, the lower clergy also, the soldiers of the pope in their brown uniforms, the brotherhoods of penitents, the hermits of Mount Ventoux, with their bashful faces, the little acolyte who went behind carrying a bell, the scourging brothers, nude to the waist, and the sacristans decked out in magistrate's robes—all, all, until at last those who sprinkled the holy water and those who lighted the wax tapers filled the candles. Not one was missing. Ah! what a beautiful ordination. The bells, the petards, the sunlight, the music, and always the sound of those maddening tambourines that led the dance below on the bridge of Avignon.

When Vedine appeared before the assembly with his fine carriage and handsome face, a murmur of admiration arose. He was a magnificent provencal, but of the blonde type, with a mass of curly hair and a little beard, which seemed to be made from fine metal shavings fallen from the graver of his father, the sculptor in gold. The rumor ran that the fingers of Queen Jane had sometimes played in that blonde beard, and Vedine had indeed that glorious and absent-minded way of men whom queens have loved. This day, in honor of his country, he had replaced his Neapolitan robes by a jacket bordered in pink *a la provencale*, and on his hat waved a large plume of the ibis of Camargne.

Upon entering, the first mustard-maker bowed with a gallant air, then turned round the high flight of steps where the pope awaited him in order to bestow upon him the insignia of his rank—the spoon of yellow box-wood and the saffron cake.

The mule was at the foot of the stairs all harnessed and ready to start out for the Vineyard.

When he passed near her, Tistet Vedine smiled sweetly, and stopped to give her two or three little friendly taps on her back—watching, the while, from the corner of his eye to see if the pope noticed it.

The position was good.

The mule prepared for the attack.

"Stop! Now you've got it, villain! And I've kept it for seven long years!"

And she gave him a kick of her heels so terrible, so terrible that at Pampelune even they saw a smoke, a whirlwind of blonde smoke with an ibis plume fluttering about in it—all that remained of the unfortunate Tistet Vedine.

The kick of a mule is not ordinarily as terrible as this one was, but this mule was a papal mule, and then, just think! she had kept it for seven years.—*From the French of Daudet.*

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Books and Magazines.

If Carl Schurz's remarkable article on Abraham Lincoln is the first thing to which the reader naturally turns in the June *Atlantic*, it is not alone because it occupies the first pages of the number. It is fitting to give so interesting a work to Lincoln's life and time the place of honor, and no magazine article has appeared for a long time which will command such attention. It is a review of Life of Abraham Lincoln, by Nicolay and Hay; and the result of their survey, which in the "Life" extends through ten volumes, is reduced by Mr. Schurz to about thirty pages of compact and interesting narrative, with a summing up of Lincoln's place as a statesman and the work which he did in conducting the country safely through the perils of the Civil War. One of the concluding paragraphs is worth quoting: "A few days after the fall of Richmond," says Mr. Schurz, "Lincoln pointed out to a friend the crowd of office-seekers besieging his door. 'Look at that,' said he. 'Now we have conquered the rebellion, but here you see something that may become more dangerous to this republic than the rebellion itself.'" And the concluding paragraph of the paper will always live as a most brilliant and striking characterization of Abraham Lincoln. Rose Terry Cooke contributes a story called "Miss Mouse and a Country Mouse, and Rev. Samuel J. Barrows has an important paper on What the Southern Negro is doing for Himself, which is interesting to read, in the light of Carl Schurz's article. President D. C. Gilman of Johns Hopkins University has a paper on The Study of Geography and its place in the college course. There are some reviews, the most interesting of which is New England in the Short Story, criticisms of Miss Wilkins, Miss Jewett and other New England writers; and a paper on Vinet's letters and the recent biography of Edmond Sherer.

Perhaps the best article in the June *Scribner's* is one, well illustrated, on the Paris Boulevards by the brilliant French journalist, Francisque Sarcey. Andrew Lang's article of Moliere is also fine and there is a very strong story entitled Parson Joye's Justice. Mr. John C. Ropes has a fine thoughtful article on The War as We See It Now, a fine companion to Carl Shurz's Abraham Lincoln article in the *Atlantic*. The poems are good and the Point of View even more interesting than usual.

Lippincott's for June includes a complete novel, Gold of Pleasure, by George Parsons Lathrop, Horace Greeley's letters are continued and Lucy C. Lillie has an interesting article on the Princess of Wales. A beautiful little story, Sonny, in Mary E. Wilkins well known style is included, and Edgar Fawcett's clever character sketch, A Literary Pet, is also interesting. Agnes Repplier, the well known essayist, contributes an article and there are other interesting features.

Belford's for June has what is called "an impossible story," entitled A Bargain in Souls, by Ernest DeLancey Pierson, as its chief attraction. More interesting, however, is the symposium Genius and Morality which enquires Are Men of Genius Wrecked? Several thoughtful articles on political questions are included with several good short stories and poems.

Mr. Rider Haggard in his latest novel, Eric Brighteyes (Toronto: William Bryce), is in new surroundings. He has essayed to ring the mythology of many countries with indifferent success. This time he is a Skald and has for his heroine Swanhilde, the beautiful witch of Saga. Rider Haggard's method, however, is the same whether in the arctic circle or the equatorial district of Africa. As usual, the story's chief motives are bloodshed and animal passion. The book is not uninteresting, however, and those who enjoy his writings will not be disappointed in Eric Brighteyes.

True education begins with the infant, therefore it is to a great extent in the hands of the mother. The Kindergarten idea came as a great helper giving her practical plans for leading her child. The special aim of the *Kindergarten Magazine* is to give the mother these hints and helps. The *Kindergarten Magazine* for June is a strong number, giving special attention to the discussion of the question of the Kindergarten in the public schools. This issue closes a year's work of excellent serials and contributions. The magazine's growth in worth and circulation is proof that this grand educational idea has indeed taken a firm hold in the hearts of the people. It is published in Chicago.

Sarah Bernhardt as Jeanne d'Arc.

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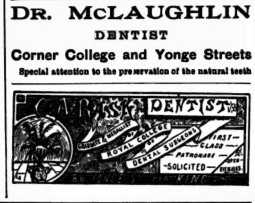

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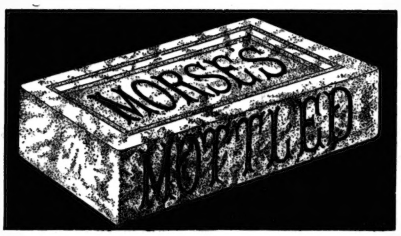

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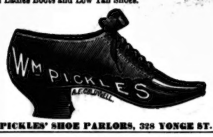

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Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Seldom has been seen such a brilliant gathering of the *elite* of Hamilton as that which presented itself at the beautiful residence of Mr. William Hendrie. Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie were At Home from 8 to 11 and a large number of their friends enjoyed a charming evening of music and dancing. Mrs. Hendrie wore a gown of black silk, with exquisite jet trimmings; Miss Hendrie wore white brocade; Miss Tina Hendrie looked very charming in a gown of pale blue crepe. A song those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Bankier, Mr. and Mrs. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Stinson, Mrs. Cameron of Toronto, Misses Ramsay, Howard, Bruce, Demar, Ridley, Dunlop, Hobson, Lottridge, Fuller, Spratt, Watson, Walker, Turner, Gartshore, Muir and Hendrie of Detroit, Messrs. Gansby, Harvey, Billet, Browne, Logie, Burns, Stuart, Gates, Osborne, Hamilton, Ferrie, Nesbitt, Leggat, Gartshore, Demar, Armour and many others.

Mrs. Garrett, Miss Garrett, Miss Daisy Garrett and Miss Bell of Glasgow, Scotland, left on Thursday for England, where they intend to remain for a year visiting Germany and Scotland. Miss Bell has spent a year in Canada and although having had a severe illness during her visit, has enjoyed the Canadian summer and winter exceedingly.

Mrs. Cameron of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Ramsay of James street.

Miss Gillard and Miss Annie Gillard have left for England with Miss Hill, who has such pleasant yearly parties to look after. They will be gone six months.

On Saturday afternoon the Leander boathouse was the scene of a very jolly smoking party. Invitations had been issued by the club for an afternoon smoke and chat. The club house has been enlarged and very comfortably arranged for the members. A pleasing event occurred during the afternoon, when Mr. Harold Lambe launched the new canoe which holds twenty-four and christened it Leander. The gentlemen are endeavoring to make this year's races more interesting than ever, if that be possible, and a very jolly time is anticipated for Saturday, the twentieth.

Mrs. Leggatt gave a small dinner in honor of her nieces, Miss Hendrie and Miss Muir of Detroit, on Saturday evening.

Miss Watson and Miss E. Watson left for Muskoka on Tuesday and will be away until the autumn.

Mrs. Bunbury entertained a few friends on Thursday last at five o'clock tea in honor of Miss Stanton of Cobourg.

Miss Hutchison gave a delightful tea on Saturday afternoon. Among those present were Misses Hobson, Briggs, McKeand, Mills, Brown of Woodstock, Gillard, Turner, Grant, Vallance.

Miss Violet Grant of Bay street has returned after her visit abroad for two years.

Mrs. Charles Jones gave a delightful progressive euchre on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Knox of Robinson street entertained a few friends on Monday evening.

The Pinafore company drove to the asylum on Tuesday evening and had a jolly time. The evening was spent with choruses and solos by the troup. Dancing was indulged in afterwards until the early hours had crept on apace.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar and family have moved to the pretty beach residence where they enjoy the lake breezes during the summer.

Mrs. Valancey Fuller and Miss Ruth Fuller have returned to their charming country residence across the bay. They have been residing in the western states during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Ramsay have taken a house in Oakville for the summer months.

SYLVIA.

The Bitter End.

Maud (to her wooer)—Well, I hope papa didn't give you a cold reception!

Bertie—No; he gave me a "roasting," but it amounted all to the same thing. Good-bye, dear.

A Pair of Them.

"Mrs. Wanamaker has shaken 20,000 hands since her husband has been in Washington."

"That's nothing. Her husband has shaken twice that number in the post-office."

Mr. Forsyth's Lessons.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth, the well-known composer, will continue to give lessons in piano-playing and theory through the first two summer months until August 5. Mr. Forsyth is to be found at 112 College street, or at the Toronto College of Music.

Sir John A. Macdonald's Funeral March, by C. Bohner. Whaley, Royce & Co.

S.S. CARMONA (Canada Lake Superior Transit Co., Limited), sailing from Geddes' Wharf, Yonge St., commencing Saturday June 13, daily, as follows:

During JUNE to Lorne Park, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.; to Grimsby Park at 2 p.m., on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Rates to Lorne Park—25c. adults and 15c. children. To Grimsby Park (good to return same day), 50c. each. To Grimsby Park (good to return during season), 75c. each.

Saturday afternoon excursions to Grimsby Park 50c. Saturday afternoon excursions to Lorne Park 25c. Book tickets—Lorne Park and return, 20 trips, $4; Grimsby Park and return, 10 trips, $4. Sunday schools and societies, special rates on application to Company's Offices, 9 Front Street East. PETER McINTYRE, 93 York Street. W. A. GEDDES, 69 Yonge Street.

Niagara River Line

SINGLE TRIPS

PALACE STEAMER

"CHICORA."

Commencing Monday, May 18, Steamer CHICORA will leave Yonge street Wharf daily (except Sunday) at 7 a.m. for Niagara and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Falls, Buffalo, New York, etc. Tickets at all principal offices.

JOHN FOY, Manager.

McKENDRY'S

202 YONGE STREET

6 Doors North of Queen

SATURDAY

WE have always an interesting story here for the lady readers of this journal. We expect a wonderful day's sales on Monday next. It is now nearing the middle of June, and we have decided to clear out every line of Summer Dress Goods at prices which, although you may have already purchased, will give you a good excuse to have a second or third dress this season. In every class of dress goods, from the cheapest grades to the finest goods that leave the loom, we offer special prices—every line a good bargain. In the Millinery Department we are always busy; the addition to the stock this week of several cases of Hats and Flowers, bought very cheap, will make an interesting time for visitors. Let us have the pleasure of a visit next week, and you'll go away satisfied that this store is conducted on the principle of giving the best there is for the least money.

McKENDRY'S

202 Yonge St., 6 Doors north of Queen

McCUAIG & MAINWARING

REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL AND LOAN AGENTS

18 Victoria Street TORONTO — 147 St. James Street MONTREAL

We purchase, sell and rent all kinds of real estate, organize syndicates and manage estates, negotiate loans, purchase and sell mortgages, debentures, etc.

Our list of properties for sale comprises houses and lots at all prices in the best localities. The following are a few samples of selected

ARTISTIC HOMES

BORDEN STREET—A VERY DESIRABLE NEW semi-detached solid brick residence, 10 rooms, furnace, concrete cellar, two gas grates, an elegant home, complete, modern. $4,250, 10 per cent. down, balance arranged.

BRUNSWICK AVENUE—SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, side entrance, stone foundations, 10 rooms, full size cellar, concrete floor, all conveniences, hot air heating, nicely papered down stairs. Price $5,500; easy terms.

HEWARD AVENUE—SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, side entrance, all conveniences, furnace, newly papered, etc., 8 rooms. $2,500; no reasonable offer refused.

ST. GEORGE STREET—A CHARMINGLY SITUATED solid brick, semi-detached house, thoroughly comfortable well proportioned rooms, all in first-class order, comprising 12 rooms, heated by furnace; beautiful lawn in front with deep lot, nicely sodded; fine newly built stable and carriage house, harness and coachman's rooms. Splendid location for a doctor. For full particulars call at office. Price only $8,000.

MADISON AVENUE—FIRST CLASS, HIGHLY FINISHED, solid brick, detached, 11 rooms, bath and modern conveniences, furnace, etc. $11,500.

Our printed catalogue containing a full list of our properties will be sent free to any address.

McCUAIG & MAINWARING

18 Victoria Street

MIRTHLESS

MOURNING DRESS GOODS THE THEME

OUR WEEKLY BULLETIN STANDS IN THE SHADOW

The Bon Marche's Price List is Modelled in Gloom

A brief summary of what we offer for next week. Read carefully every item.

PURE WOOL BLACK CASHMERES, very wide, regular price 50c. Special for next week only	35c YARD	BEAUTIFUL QUALITY SILK WARP HENRIETTA, regular price $1. Special for next week only	75c YARD	BLACK NUN'S VEILING, pure wool, our 30c. line. Special for next week at only	20c YARD
VERY FINE ALL WOOL FRENCH HENRIETTAS, silk finished, regular price 60c. Special for next week only	45c YARD	DOUBLE WIDTH CRAPE CLOTHS, a special quality, regularly sold at 90c. Price for next week only	65c YARD	VERY FINE QUALITY pure wool Nun's Veiling, the regular price was 35c. Special for next at week only	25c YARD
JET BLACK SILK WARP HENRIETTA, wide width, regularly sold at 90c. Special for next week only	50c YARD	SATIN SOLIEL, choice fabric, regular price was $1. Special for next week only	60c YARD	FRENCH SERGES, pure wool mourning blacks, double width, regularly sold at 70c. Special for next week only	50c YARD

Recognizing the fact that parties living at a distance from the city have a difficulty in procuring fine mourning, we will mail to intending purchasers on receipt of name and address samples of the above goods, and we assure you that should you favor us with a mail order it will receive the same attention as if purchased personally.

THE BON MARCHE, 7 and 9 King Street East

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

Their Drapery Department is replete with a stock of

CURTAINS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Which was bought under the most favorable circumstances direct from the manufacturers

Irish Point, Brussels, Swiss, Colbert, Antique and Guipure Lace Curtains

A JOB LINE OF

NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS

AT ABOUT HALF PRICE

White and Cream, Sash and Vibrage Curtains, in Muslin Net and Lace, by the pair and by the yard.

The largest and best assorted stock of CHENILLE and TURCOMAN Curtains in the Dominion.

"Liberty's" Cretonnes, Art and Madras Muslins, Silks, Etc., Etc.

New and Beautiful Fabrics for all kinds of artistic draperies.

As they make a specialty of draperies and high-class work they guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

Prompt and careful attention given to all correspondence.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

34 King Street West, Toronto

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FIRE SALE

OF

$35,000 GENTS' FURNISHINGS

Is the topic of conversation. Special drives in

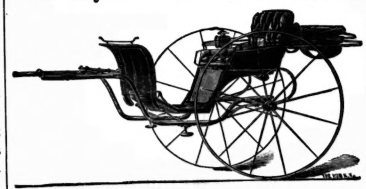
Underwear, White and Cambric Shirts

TO-DAY, SATURDAY

165 YONGE STREET 165

CHARLES BROWN & CO'S PARK PHAETON

The Only Two-Wheeler that is a Success in Every Way



BODY AND SPRINGS HAVE No Connection WITH SHAFTS

Entirely new. Elegant in style and finish. The finest trap made for doctors and ladies.

CHARLES BROWN & CO.

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Wall Papers

Of all grades from the lowest priced papers to the highest class of Decorative Hangings. Among the latter are

Japanese Leathers
French Leathers
Lignomur
Lincrusta, &c.

Ingrains with Choice Friezes to Match

WINDOW SHADES

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Millinery, Mantles, Dressmaking

112 Yonge Street

Two doors south of Adelaide, west side.

Having removed to a more convenient locality, Miss Holland would solicit inspection of her new stock of French Bonnets, Hats, &c., which will be found up to the usual standard of excellence.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT under the able management of MISS DUFFY, late of H. S. Morison & Co.

WE HAVE SOLD THE

Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator

FOR

FIVE YEARS

AND

Guaranteed Satisfaction in Every Case

H. A. COLLINS & CO.

6, 8 & 10 Adelaide St. West

SPECIAL SALE

OF

WALL PAPERS

WE have purchased a large line of Fine Wall Papers at special prices, and shall offer them after Tuesday, May 26, at a great reduction. These are not dry goods store papers, but the highest qualities of the best makers. We will sell embossed golds at 25c. per roll, usually sold at 40c.; fine embossed golds at 75c., usually sold $1.00; wide friezes, embossed gold, at 15c. and 20c., &c.

ELLIOTT & SON

94 and 96 Bay Street — Toronto

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

The ushers were Messrs. Arthur Murray, Leonard McMurray and Frank Lightbourne. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Cayley, and Mr. Phillips presided at the organ. The church was profusely decorated, the altar being a mass of white flowers while banks of white and green lined each side of the choir.

•

After the ceremony the wedding party adjourned to Mr. Gilmour's house on Spadina Crescent, where Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie received the congratulations of their many friends. The happy couple left at 4.45 for Providence and Cape May, where the honeymoon will be spent. The bride's traveling dress was of brown plaid cloth, with a terra cotta silk vest embroidered in gold. The presents were very handsome and the number of them bore witness to the popularity enjoyed by the young couple. On their return to town Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie will reside for the summer in Mr. Edward Chadwick's house on Borden street.

•

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. John Bell-Gillespie, parents of the groom, Mr. Harry Gillespie, Mr. Charles Gilmour of Texas, brother of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Chadwick, the Misses Chadwick, Judge and Mrs. Dean of Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Macdonald, Major Harrison, the Misses Macdonald, Dr. and Mrs. Beith and Mrs. and Miss Fisher of Bowmanville, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mr. Stuart Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. R. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Featherstonhaugh, Mr. and Mrs. Bouchette Anderson, Dr. and Mrs. Moorehouse, Mrs. Bromley Davenport, Mr. Geo. and Miss Hart, Miss Wadsworth, Miss Murray of Albany, the Misses Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham and many others.

•

A pretty wedding was celebrated on Wednesday evening last at 550 Jarvis street, when Miss Jennie Y. McDermid, third daughter of Mr. D. McDermid, was married to Mr. William Gordon, jr., of the Imperial Bank. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Thomas of the Jarvis street Baptist church. The charming bride was attended by a fair trio of bridesmaids consisting of Miss Jessie McDermid, her sister, Miss M. Davidson of Hamilton and Miss Durkee of Detroit. The bridesmaids' dresses were cream and gold. The groomsmen were Messrs. A. Gordon, William Pinkerton and R. C. Donald. The bridal gifts were very numerous and beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon will spend their honeymoon down the Gulf and at the seaside.

•

SIGNOR DELASCO,

Late of Covent Garden Theater and La Scala, Milan.

An admiring friend assures me that Signor P. Delasco's singing will be a revelation to those who attend his parlor concert on Friday next. No doubt a large number of Toronto's fashionable and music loving people will assemble to hear the talented singer and his excellent support. Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Janes, Mr. Algernon Blackwood, violinist, and Mr. Bromley Davenport, elocutionist, have volunteered their assistance.

•

M. Coutellier has returned from a most successful trip to Peterboro', Port Hope and Cobourg, where he has established promising classes.

•

Christ Church, Deer Park, was the scene of a quiet but very pretty wedding. The little Episcopal Church was crowded to overflowing with the many friends who were there gathered to witness the union of Miss Augusta Simmers of Sadowa Villa, Deer Park, younger daughter of the late J. A. Simmers, first Consul of the German empire, and Mr. T. G. Elgie, younger son of the late Thomas Elgie of The Pines, Eglinton. The bride, who looked charming, wore a fawn traveling dress of broadcloth and carried a large bouquet of white roses. She was attended by her cousin, Miss Eva Davis, who looked very pretty in mauve silk, carrying a bunch of pink roses. Mr. H. R. Tilley acted as best man. After the simple service all returned to the residence of the bride's mother, where the breakfast was served, after which the happy couple, amidst a shower of rice, left by the boat for Montreal, whence they will proceed to spend their honeymoon in the Eastern States. After returning from their trip Mr. and Mrs. Elgie will take up their abode at the Island for the summer, returning to their city residence in Church street about September.

•

Cards are out for the wedding of Mr. Harry Brock and Miss Cawthra, to take place at the Cathedral on Tuesday, June 16. Mrs. Cawthra will hold a reception afterwards at Yeadon Hall, College street, from three o'clock till six.

•

Owing to the wet weather Mrs. Goldwin Smith's garden party for Thursday, June 11, was postponed.

•

Among the guests at Mrs. Goldwin Smith's garden party last week were: Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Bain, Mrs. Yarker, Miss Green, the Misses Yarker, Miss Cawthra, Miss Dawson, the Misses Todd, Mrs. Arthur Grasett, the Misses Homer-Dixon, Mrs. F. Grasett, Mrs. L. Meswier, the Misses Bolton, Miss Thorburn, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. Gwynn, Miss Haggarty, Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Tait, and Messrs. Ridout, Tait, Evans, Simpson, Burnham, Yarker, Walker, Pauw, Captain Macdonnell.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Mason and family of Barrie have come to reside in the city and have taken up house at 253 Wellington street west. Their numerous friends are glad to welcome them to Toronto.

•

Rev. Mr. Lindsay, rector of Christ church, Crown Hill, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. George J. Mason.

•

Mr. J. D. Maclennan was married to Miss Yorke at Cleveland on Saturday, June 5, at Trinity Cathedral. Mr. H. O. Drummond attended from Toronto as one of the groomsmen. The couple left for New York and the Southern States. They sail on June 17 on the Majestic for a six months' European tour.

•

Owing to the death of Sir John A. Macdonald the marriage of Mr. A. G. Brown, which took place at Ottawa on Wednesday, June 10, was made private and took place at 9.30 in the morning. The happy couple left for Montreal *en route* for England and the Continent.

•

Mrs. Stephen Heward's garden party has been postponed till Wednesday, June 17.

•

Mrs. Percival Ridout has returned to town after spending the winter at Hot Springs, Arkansaw.

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Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto.

For Headache & Neuralgia
MENTHOL Bingham's COLOGNE
100 Yonge St. Toronto.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

THORBURN—At San Antonio, Texas, on June 1, Mrs J. W. Thorburn, Travelers Rest, Sabinal, Texas—a son.

McCARTHY—At Toronto, on June 5, Mrs. Malcolm J. McCarthy—a son.

BUTTAN—At Toronto, on June 4, Mrs. R. A. Buttan—a daughter.

STEVENS—At Toronto, on June 6, Mrs. F. W. Stevens—a son.

JAMIESON—At Toronto, on May 31, Mrs. R. R. Jamieson—a daughter.

SHIRRIFF—At Toronto, on May 29, Mrs. F. A. Shirriff—a son.

MONTIER—On June 4, Mrs. M. A. Montier—a daughter.

GOSS—At Toronto, on June 1, Mrs. Harry Goss—a son.

SCHOFIELD—At Toronto, on June 2, Mrs. A. J. S. hofield—a son.

Marriages.

BROWN—SHERWOOD—At Christ Church, Ottawa, on Wednesday, June 10, by the Venerable Archdeacon Lauder, assisted by the Rev. W. Bleakston, Arthur Gordon Brown of Toronto to Ethel, second daughter of the late Edward Sherwood, Esq., of Ottawa.

TOPP—BELEY—At Beaschridge, on June 3, Richard N. Topp to Mary Beley.

HAMILTON—OSBORNE—At Bowmanville, on June 3, J. W. Hamilton to Bertha Osborne.

WICKSON—GRIFFIN—At Toronto, on June 3, A. Frank Wickson to Annie E. Fisher.

WHITTAKER—BEAMER—At Stoney Creek, on June 3, J. G. Whittaker to Jessie A. Beamer.

WARREN—TORRINGTON—At Toronto, on June 3, Frank Russell Warren to Emma Torrington.

STONE—BOETIGARR—At Buffalo, on June 3, Daniel Stone to Helen Boettigarr.

EDWARDS—DUNFORD—At Lindsay, on June 3, James G. Edwards to Winnifred Dunsford.

HUTTON—WRIGHT—At Peterville, on June 3, John G. Hutton to Emily Amelia Wright.

McMAHON—THOMPSON—At Toronto on June 3, Dr. McMahon to Theresa Thompson.

FRITTIE—DODDS—At Toronto, on June 3, John Dodds to Lizzie Frittie.

WILLOUGHBY — GREER — At Toronto, on June 3, Charles Willoughby to Margaret Greer.

SMITH—SEWELL—At Toronto, on June 1, John S. Smith to Jennie Sewell.

BARBER—BEST—At Toronto, on June 3, John Shortess Barber to Jane Elizabeth Best.

BOYES—WALKER—At Toronto, on June 3, Edwin J. Boyes, M.D., to Mabel Walker.

NOBLE—SANDERS—At Port Hope, on June 3, George Noble to Gertrude Sanders.

ROBERTSON—McNAB—At Toronto, on June 3, James A. Robertson to Flora Ann McNab.

COCKBURN—WILKINSON—At Sarnia, on June 3, Malcolm J. Cockburn to Lottie Wilkinson.

WATSON—GARDINER—At Fairbank, on May 26, John T. Watson to Isabel Gardiner.

HILL—MEREDITH—At Mimico, on June 3, Wm. A. Hill to Mary E. Meredith.

REIVE—ROGERSON—At Collingwood, on June 3, William Reive to Emily C. Rogerson.

Deaths.

GALBRAITH—At Toronto, on June 7, Lawrence Oliphant Galbraith, aged 7 months and 12 days.

KIRBY—At Niagara, on June 5, Eliza M. Kirby.

SHIELDS—At Malton, on June 6, Alexander Shields, sr., aged 72 years.

LONGSTAFF—At Weston, on June 7, Thomas Longstaff, sr., aged 79 years.

BARTON—At Toronto, on June 6, Mary E. Barton.

BOAKE—At Toronto, on June 5, Benjamin Boake, aged 57 years.

CAMERON—At Toronto, on June 5, Jeannie K. Cameron.

GREEN—At Toronto, on June 5, Levin T. Green, aged 75 years.

LEACH—At Toronto, on June 7, John Leach, aged 72 years.

PETERKIN—At Toronto, on June 6, Theresa B. Peterkin.

SELLS—At Stirling, Man., on June 1, George Sells, aged 8 months.

DARLING—At Toronto, on June 4, T. C. Darling, aged 39 years.

HUNTER—At Toronto, on June 3, Lelia Hudson Hunter, aged 10 months and 5 days.

LAILEY—At Toronto, on June 3, Thomas Lailey, J. P., aged 70 years.

HEWITT—At Clover Hill, on June 4, Harriet H. Hewitt, aged 49 years.

PEGG—At Toronto, on June 4, Ann Eileen Pegg, aged one month.

MOORE—At Toronto, on June 5, Samuel Moore, aged 69 years.

CHARLTON—At Toronto, on June 5, Thomas Charlton, aged 79 years.

WORKMAN—At Stratford, on May 17, Thomas B. Workman, aged 2 years.

POWERS—At Toronto, on June 3, William Powers, aged 21 years.

REYNOLDS—At Denver, Col., on June 3, George Newton Reynolds, aged 28 years.

KINNEE—On June 2, Daniel Kinnee.

TO any Mother sending us her name and address on a postal card, we will send two sample tins of Nestlé's Milk Food, sufficient for four meals. Nestlé's Food requires the addition of water only in its preparation. The best and safest diet to protect infants against Summer Complaints.

Talk with your physician about it.

THOS. LEEMING & CO., Sole Agents,
25 St. Peter St., Montreal.

OAK HALL

OUR assortment of Boys' Two and Three Piece Suits at present is at its very best. The styles are the newest, and the manner in which they are made is such that the most critical cannot help but be pleased. In addition to our stock of Tweed and Cloth Suits we have just opened out a magnificent lot of Linen and Nankeen Fancy Suits made in blouse waists and sailor styles. Our prices will be found reasonable.

OAK HALL
115, 117, 119, 121 King St. East
Toronto
W. RUTHERFORD - Manager

DUFFERIN PARK, TORONTO
Special Programme for July & August Meetings
1, 2 and 3 July and 5, 6 and 7 August
ENTRANCE FEES 7½ PER CENT.

FIRST DAY—Three minute class, purse $300. Free for all, trot, purse $300. Free for all, pace, purse $300.

SECOND DAY—2 40 class, purse $300. 2.32 class, pace and trot, purse $300. 2.50 class, purse $300

THIRD DAY—2 24 class, purse $300. 2 20 class, purse $300. 2 45 class, pace and trot, purse $300 2 45 class, pace and trot, purse $300. Free for all, trot and pace, purse $300.

The above programme will be continued for July and August. Entries close June 15 for July meeting; July 15 for August meeting. Races will start at 2 p.m. each day. Admission to grounds 50c.; vehicles 50c.; children 25c.; ladies free. Entrance fees 7½ p. c., payable on dates when entries close for each meeting. Horses eligible May 23, 1891, for July and August. All moneys divided 50 p. c., 25 p. c., 15 p. c., 10 p. c. A horse distancing the field or any part thereof to receive first money. Only the right to postpone reserved on account of bad weather or other causes. In other respects the rules of the American Association to govern. All entries must be addressed as below, and none will be received unless accompanied by the entrance fees above provided. The Dufferin Park can be reached by the Queen and Brockton, College, Davercourt and Bloor Street cars.

J. S. CHARLES, Prop.,
No. 88½ Dufferin Street, Toronto.

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If you have, bring him here and we will clothe him fashionably and neatly.

We guarantee you fit, quality and value for your money.

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Cor. Hackney Street

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BENNETT & WRIGHT
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GRAND SQUARE UPRIGHT

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(R. A. SCARLETT, Manager.)
Office 47 Scott Street, cor. Colborne Street
Telephone 2075.

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And our machines are now cleaning the costly carpets and fine rugs for the ladies of Toronto.

SPECIAL.—We would like the ladies to give us a call and see how the work is done. Our business is strictly carpet cleaning, fitting, laying, etc., so that we give our whole time and attention to the work. Open all the year. Capacity 3,000 yards daily. Grease spots removed when ordered to do so only. Orders called for and returned to any part of the city. We have a special moth-proof room for storing carpets. Parties going to the country may leave them with us until their return. Send for price list. We have in stock Mealey's Moth-proof Carpet Lining and Excelsior Stair Pads.

Orders taken at 170 King Street West, 358½ Yonge Street, 373 Spadina Avenue, 432 Queen Street West, 1,412 Queen Street West, Parkdale.

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Head Office - - Chicago, Ill.
Incorporated June 17, 1887, with a Cash Capital of $50,000

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Dr. A. Owen, after years of experiment and study, has given to the world an Electric Belt that has no equal in this or any other country. Fully covered by patents.

RHEUMATISM

is found wherever man is found, and it does not respect age, sex, color, rank or occupation.

Medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. Although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.

Our treatment is a mild, continuous galvanic current, as generated by the Owen Electric Body Battery, which may be applied directly to the affected parts.

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The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's cure.

The following are among the diseases cured by the use of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:

Rheumatism	Disease of the Chest
Neuralgia	Spermatorrhœa
Dyspepsia	Impotency
Sciatica	Sexual Exhaustion
Lumbago	Paralysis
General Debility	Spinal Diseases
Liver Complaint	Nervous Complaints
Kidney Disease	Urinary Diseases
Female Complaints	General Ill-Health

CHALLENGE.

We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.

WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW

Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.

All persons desiring information regarding the cure of ACUTE, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES please inclose SIX (6) CENTS and write for Illustrated Catalogue.

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